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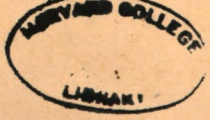
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Mary P. Thacher

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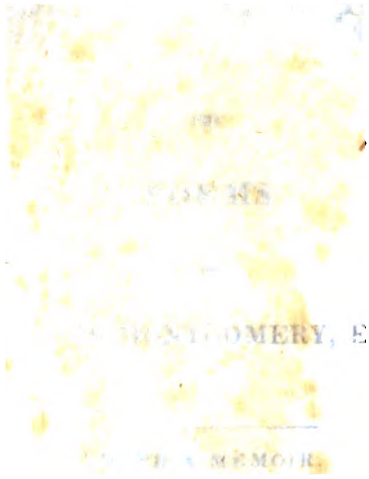
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BRIDGE OF DOON.

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THE

POEMS

OF

JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

WITH A MEMOIR.

NEW YORK:
LEAVITT & ALLEN,
27 DEY-STREET.
1853.

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MEMOIR OF JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The little port of Irvine in the county of Ayrshire, North Britain, was the place where James Montgomery first saw the day. He was born on the 4th of November, 1771. His father was one of that singular and exemplary body of Christians denominated Moravians, a sect by no means numerous in Great Britain, and least of all in Scotland; the religious tenets with which the subject of the present memoir was thus impressed in his earliest youth, have tinged his writings, and been reflected in his subsequent conduct through life. He did not long remain in his native town, for at four years of age, his father took him over to Ireland, his parents having fixed their residence at Gracehill in the county of Antrim. He sojourned, however, but a short time in Ireland, for his father most probably with the view of affording him the benefits either of a better education, or one more consistent with his own religious tenets, sent him to England, and he was placed at a Moravian seminary at Fulnick in Yorkshire, where he remained ten years.

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Soon after the establishment of Montgomery at Fulnick, his father and mother left Ireland for the West Indies. The elder Montgomery had undertaken the duty of a missionary to instruct the negroes in the doctrines of Christianity. Both father and mother fell victims to that pestilential climate, the one in Barbadoes, and the other in Tobago. To their fate it is the poet so beautifully alludes when he writes—

My father—mother—parents, are no more!
Beneath the Lion star they sleep
Beyond the western deep;
And when the sun's noon glory crests the waves,
He shines without a shadow on their graves!—

Montgomery was not the only offspring thus left to the wide world; his parents had two other children, who were, it is said, placed under the guardianship of the benevolent body of Christians to which their parents had belonged. During the time the subject of the present memoir was at Fulnick, he was carefully excluded from the world. The institutions of the Moravian brethren are almost monastically rigid. For ten years that he was in this seminary, he scarcely saw or conversed with any individual who was not of their own faith. His instruction was, however, carefully attended to, and he was taught assiduously the Greek, Latin, French, and German languages, independently of the common and inferior acquirements deemed necessary to pupils in every station of life.

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Before Montgomery had attained his tenth year, he exhibited his inclination for poetry. The peculiar opinions and discipline of the Moravians were calculated to cherish his propensity for the Muse. The monotony of his life, the well-nigh cloistered seclusion of the scholars, and the system which inculcated the doctrines of the brethren, nurtured that sombre and melancholy bias which is always inherent in the poetical temperament. The indulgence of the imagination under such circumstances tends to render the mind exquisitely susceptible of external impressions. The love of Jesus Christ, to which every instruction of the Moravian brethren directs the mind of the pupil, and which is the chief awakener of their feelings, they making the second Person of the Trinity the object of brotherly affection as well as of adoration, was a captivating theme for the young poet. The hymns of the Moravians were the seducers of Montgomery into the flowery paths of poesy. Religious aspirations, the tender affection, the beauty of holiness, kindled the love of sacred song in his callow bosom. A little volume was soon filled with the effusions of his young imagination, and first developed that genius to which the virtuous part of mankind have since not hesitated to do the justice it merits. He knew nothing at this time of the English poets, for they were carefully kept out of sight by his instructors, lest some dangerous passage should give a pruriency for unhallowed and contagious principles.

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The little volume was therefore wholly his own The father of one of the boys had sent a volume of selected poems from Milton, Thomson, and Young, to his son, yet, though the choicest and most moral passages only were selected, it was clipt and mangled by the good brethren before it was delivered to its owne. The natural consequence ensued,—Montgomery clandestinely borrowed books, and read them by stealth.

At fourteen years of age, besides two manuscript volumes of his verses, he had composed a mock-heroic poem of a thousand lines, in three cantos: it was an imitation of "The Frogs and Mice" of Homer. From his companions and friends he received praises which excited him to fresh exertions. He planned several epic poems, for nothing short of an epic would satisfy his craving desire for literary fame, till after much of resolve and re-resolve, he began one under the title of "Alfred the Great." Of this poem he completed two books; the boldness of the attempt seems to have alarmed the good fathers of the Fulnick academy. Such a flight by a youth destined for the study of divinity (the profession which they had in prospect for their pupil being that of a minister), was by no means suitable to their ideas of the fitness of things. The young poet panted for the great world, to live among and study mankind; the brethren strove to stifle these desires, and to lead back the erring imagination of their pupil to serious realities, and devotional resignation. The world to him was yet a pure mystery

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while his longing desire to mingle in it no discipline could repress. His health became affected in the contest. The irresistible promptings of genius, however, were ultimately triumphant. The Moravian brethren, finding they could not succeed in recalling him to the line of conduct and study which they deemed proper for a minister of their persuasion, and seeing that an opposite desire was fixing itself deeper and deeper in his heart, had the good sense to give up their object, and to place him in trade with a brother believer, who was in business at Mirfield, near Wakefield, in the same county.

Montgomery thus affords another instance of the triumph of genius over almost insuperable obstacles. Nature awoke in his bosom those mysterious impulses which have been developed in many other minds similarly constituted—in many other master spirits, which have made to themselves immortal names in all ages and countries, breaking the gloom in which the accidents of birth and fortune may have placed them, and becoming shining lights to the world. In his new situation, little congenial to an aspiring mind, Montgomery continued but a year. He had formed in his imagination the most elevated and erroneous ideas of the great world; he saw it in perspective all glorious and honorable; he panted to be distinguished among men; and full of the delusions of youth in this respect, in which we are all more or less prone to indulge in the morning of life, he penned a letter to his

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master, and with a few clothes and three shillings and sixpence in money in his pocket, he left his domicile, to plunge into that paradise of honor and fame which fancy had so gorgeously depicted. He was not an articled apprentice, and therefore he violated no contract by his elopement. He was at this time but sixteen years of age, and thus young he cast himself upon fortune, a wild and inexperienced adventurer.

The usual result followed. The world had appeared a fairy picture in his imagination, but it proved in reality to be just what it is, a region of struggles and disappointments. On the fourth day after his departure from Fulnick, he found himself obliged to enter into a situation similar to that which he had held but a short time previously, at a place called Wash. From thence he wrote to his late employer and demanded a character, for he had hitherto preserved his own without the slightest moral taint. The master consulted his Moravian friends, who respected the virtues and talents of Montgomery, and agreed to give him any character necessary, but desired that he might be invited to return to them. The worthy man set off accordingly, and met Montgomery in an inn-yard, on his arrival at Wash, and they rushed at once by a sort of kindred sympathy into each other's arms. It was in vain, however, that the master invited his late pupil to return, by the most flattering offers of profit; the young poet resisted them all. The benefactor was not the less kind. He supplied his

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wants; sent him the clothes and property he had left in his possession, and gave him a testimonial of his esteem in a written document to exhibit when required. In his new situation he remained about a year, during which period he punctually fulfilled the duties of his station; but nursed at the same time the sombre character which his peculiar religious education, and the bent of his genius, both contributed to encourage.

Mr. Harrison, a bookseller of Paternoster-row, having received a volume of his poems in manuscript, before he quitted Wash for London, took him on his arrival into his employ, and recommended him to cultivate his talents, which in time, he told him, he had no doubt would render him distinguished. The toil of a bookseller's clerk, in the dingy purlieus of the Row, was a complete cure for Montgomery's delusion respecting the great world, its glorious honors, and all its bright dreams of immortality. Having in vain endeavored to induce a bookseller to treat with him for a prose tale, he left Mr. Harrison's employ at the end of eight months, and returned into Yorkshire to the situation he had previously held. It is no slight proof of Montgomery's excellent character and disposition, that he won the affection of his employers successively, who all treated him like a son. So strong was the attachment of his master at Wash, that even in the future troubles of the poet's life he supported him, not merely with empty consolation,

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but with more solid and substantial aid. The master sought out his former servant when he was on the point of being tried in a court of law for libel, and comforted and consoled him.

The bent of Montgomery's mind was still towards literature. A newspaper which had been very popular, published at Sheffield by a Mr. Gales, had received many of the young poet's contributions. This paper was called the "Sheffield Register." It does not appear that Montgomery contributed any political writing to its pages, his communications being chiefly poetical; but he assisted Mr. Gales in his occupation, and removed to Sheffield for that purpose in 1792. In the following year Montgomery was assailed by illness, during which he was nursed, and most kindly treated, in the family of Mr. Gales, having been, as usual, successful in winning the sympathies of those around him. It was not long after this that a political prosecution was instituted against the proprietor of the "Sheffield Register," and Mr. Gales left England to avoid a prosecution. At that time the quailing cause of arbitrary authority, and divine political right, was making its last struggles against freedom and common sense. Libels were sought for, and prosecuted with rigor, and not even the most cautious individual of honest principles could be deemed safe from attack. Montgomery, on the departure of Mr. Gales, being assisted by a friend, became the publisher of the newspaper himself; the name of which he

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changed to that of the "Iris." It was now conducted with less party violence than before, while a greater variety of miscellaneous matter was to be found in its columns. The cause supported by Montgomery was always that of political independence, humanity, and freedom. The tone of his paper was exceedingly temperate, but firm: indeed it was so moderate as to give offence to all violent party men who dealt in extremes, and imagined the cause of liberty could only be supported by noisy declamation. In his newspaper he had a series of articles inserted under the title of "The Enthusiast," which attracted particular attention from being pictures of his own mind. There were other articles which drew much notice, from the impress of genius they exhibited.

Nothwithstanding the moderation of our poet-editor, it was not long before the fangs of the harpies of the law were upon him. A song written and prepared for publication before Mr. Gales quitted England, was unluckily published from his office. It was written by a clergyman to commemorate the destruction of the Bastile in 1789, and was sung openly at Belfast in 1792. The war broke out nine months after it was written, and half the newspapers in the kingdom had printed it; yet the unlucky ballad-singer, at whose suggestion it was carried to the press to strike off a few copies, was arrested selling them at Wakefield, became evidence against the printer, and in 1795 Montgomery was found "guilty of publishing."

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This would not do for the servile judges, who made the jury re-consider their verdict, and, after an hour's hesitation, they brought in a verdict of guilty. Montgomery was fined twenty pounds, and imprisoned for three months in the Castle of York. As always happens in a country like England, when freedom of mind is interfered with, the sufferer is borne above persecution by those honest sympathizing spirits that step forward to his support. Montgomery found his newspaper and business carefully superintended by a friend, and he was welcomed from prison as the victim of an unjust sentence. On his deliverance from his incarceration, he resumed his professional labors, and avoided every extreme in politics. He printed numerous essays in his paper, under different heads; some humorous, others serious, but all agreeable and entertaining. These essays were published in a volume, long out of print, and now not easily attainable.

When the emissaries of the law lie in wait to entangle a victim, they never fail to discover some charge, that may be twisted to bear them out in their object. Montgomery had scarcely resumed his duties, when two men were killed in a riot in the streets of Sheffield by the soldiery. He gave a narrative of the circumstances, correct enough, there is no doubt; but a volunteer officer, who was also a magistrate, feeling his dignity or honor hurt by the statement, preferred a bill of indictment for libel against the printer. It was

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tried at Doncaster in January 1796. The defence made justified the truth of the statement on very satisfactory testimony; but in vain—Montgomery was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment and a fine of thirty pounds. It is remarkable, that before the death of the individual who was the cause of this prosecution, he seemed conscious of the injustice he had done Montgomery, by treating him with sedulous attention after the expiration of his term of imprisonment; and once, when presiding in a court of justice. calling him from among the crowd to sit by his side on the bench, that he might be kept from the annoyance and pressure of the mob. The poet took his seat accordingly; and it was, no doubt, a proud triumph to his feelings,

During this imprisonment it was that he wrote his poems entitled "Prison Amusements," though he did not publish them until 1797. In the prison he was well accomodated, and had every indulgence afforded him; a large yard supplied him with an airy promenade. He is also said to have amused himself in composing a work of some bulk of a humorous character, but which has not seen the light. He went to Scarborough for the benefit of his health, as soon as he was liberated. This happened in July 1796, his health having been much affected by anxiety and imprisonment. It was singular that the author of the "Prison Amusements" should have suffered that and other published works to sleep from want of making

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them more known—he allowed them to drop into complete oblivion. In 1806 appeared the "Wanderer of Switzerland," which, in spite of a severe criticism from the *Edinburgh Review*, conferred upon him great and deserved celebrity. It was not until then that he took his station among the better order of his country's poets. It is said he was on the point of publishing another poem in preference, which has not yet been given to the world, though nearly ready for the press at the time "The Wanderer of Switzerland" appeared. Since that time numerous occasional pieces, have dropped from his pen. His thoughts are all remarkable for their purity. He is the poet of religion and morality. His political principles are those of a free Englishman.

In person, Montgomery is below the middle height, and of slender frame; his complexion fair, and hair yellow. His limbs are well proportioned. There is a cast of melancholy over his features, unless when they are lighted up by conversation, and then his eyes show all the fire of genius. In manner he is singularly modest and unobtrusive, especially among strangers. It is only in intercourse with his friends that he opens with a power and eloquence which few would expect of him. Though kind and amiable, he can wound keenly by wit and sarcasm in argument, but it is without a tincture of ill-nature, and he generally conveys himself the cure for the wounds he inflicts, by the kindness with which he winds up his conclusions.

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As a poet he ranks only in the second class of British living writers. He never falls low, and rarely rises high; his character may be designated as that of the calm river, rather than the romantic torrent, but his course is peculiarly his own. He is very little of an imitator, and deserves immortal eulogy, in that he has written no line

'Which dying he could wish to blot.'

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THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND.

IN SIX PARTS.

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The historical facts alluded to in THE WANDERER OF SWITZERLAND may be found in the *Supplement to Coxe's Travels* in PLANTA'S *history of the Helvetic Confederacy*, and in ZSCHOKKE'S *Invasion of Switzerland by the French*, in 1798, *translated by Dr. Aikin.*

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PART I.

A Wanderer of Switzerland and his Family, consisting of his Wife, his Daughter, and her young Children, emigrating from their Country, in consequence of its subjugation by the French, in 1798, arrive at the Cottage of a Shepherd, beyond the Frontiers, where they are hospitably entertained.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER, whither dost thou roam?
Weary wanderer, old and grey;
Wherefore hast thou left thine home
In the sunset of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the sunset of my day,
Stranger! I have lost my home:
Weary, wandering, old and grey
Therefore, therefore do I roam.

"Here mine arms a wife enfold,
Fainting in their weak embrace,
There my daughter's charms behold,
Withering in that widow'd face.

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"These her infants—Oh their Sire,
Worthy of the race of TELL,
In the battle's fiercest fire,
—In his country's battle fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"Switzerland, then, gave thee birth!"

WANDERER.

"Ay—'twas Switzerland of yore;
But, degraded spot of Earth,
Thou art Switzerland no more:

"O'er thy mountains sunk in blood,
Are the waves of ruin hurl'd;
Like the waters of the flood
Rolling round a buried world."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet will time the deluge stop:
Then may Switzerland be blest;
On St. Gothard's hoary top (1)
Shall the ark of Freedom rest."

WANDERER.

"No!—Irreparably lost,
On the day that made us slaves,

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Freedom's Ark, by tempest tost,
Founder'd in the swallowing waves."

SHEPHERD.

"Welcome, Wanderer as thou art,
All my blessings to partake;
Yet thrice welcome to my heart,
For thine injured country's sake.

"On the western hills afar
Evening lingers with delight,
While she views her favorite star
Brightening on the brow of night.

"Here, though lowly be my lot,
Enter freely, freely share
All the comforts of my cot,
Humble shelter, homely fare."

"Spouse, I bring a suffering guest,
With his family of grief;
Give the weary pilgrims rest,
Yield the exiles sweet relief."

SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

"I will yield them sweet relief:
Weary pilgrims! welcome here;
Welcome, family of grief,
Welcome to my warmest cheer."

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WANDERER.

"When in prayer the broken heart
Asks a blessing from above,
Heaven shall take the Wanderer's part,
Heaven reward the stranger's love."

SHEPHERD.

"Haste, recruit the failing fire,
High the winter fagots raise;
See the crackling flames aspire;
O how cheerfully they blaze!

"Mourners, now forget your cares,
And, till supper-board be crown'd,
Closely draw your fireside chairs;
Form the dear domestic round."

WANDERER.

"Host, thy smiling daughters bring,
Bring those rosy lads of thine;
Let them mingle in the ring
With these poor lost babes of mine."

SHEPHERD.

"Join the ring, my girls and boys;
This enchanting circle, this
Binds the social loves and joys:
'Tis the fairy ring of bliss!"

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WANDERER.

"O ye loves and joys! that sport
In the fairy ring of bliss,
Oft with me ye held your court:
I had once a home like this!

"Bountiful my former lot
As my native country's rills;
The foundations of my cot
Were her everlasting hills.

"But those streams no longer pour
Rich abundance round my lands;
And my father's cot no more
On my father's mountain stands.

"By an hundred winters piled,
When the Glaciers, dark with death, (2)
Hang o'er precipices wild,
Hang—suspended by a breath:

"If a pulse but throb alarm,
Headlong down the steeps they fall:
—For a pulse will break the charm,—
Bounding, bursting, burying all.

"Struck with horror stiff and pale,
When the chaos breaks on high,
All that view it from the vale,
All that hear it coming, die:—

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"In a day and hour accurst,
O'er the wretched land of TELL
Thus the Gallic ruin burst,
Thus the Gallic glacier fell!"

SHEPHERD.

"Hush that melancholy strain;
Wipe those unavailing tears:"

WANDERER.

"Nay—I must, I will complain:
'Tis the privilege of years:

"'Tis the privilege of Woe
Thus her anguish to impart:
And the tears that freely flow
Ease the agonizing heart."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet suspend thy griefs awhile;
See the plenteous table crown'd;
And my wife's endearing smile
Beams a rosy welcome round.

"Cheese, from mountain dairies prest,
Wholesome herbs, nutritious roots,
Honey, from the wild-bee's nest,
Cheering wine and ripen'd fruits:

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"These, with soul-sustaining bread.
My paternal fields afford:—
On such fare our fathers fed;
Holy pilgrim! bless the board."

PART II.

After supper, the Wanderer, at the desire of his Host, relates the sorrows and sufferings of his Country during the Invasion and Conquest of it by the French, in connexion with his own Story.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER! bow'd with griefs and years,
Wanderer, with the cheek so pale,
Oh give language to those tears!
Tell their melancholy tale."

WANDERER.

"Stranger-friend, the tears that flow
Down the channels of this cheek,
Tell a mystery of woe
Which no human tongue can speak.

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"Not the pangs of 'Hope deferr'd'
My tormented bosom tear:—
On the tomb of Hope interr'd
Scowls the spectre of Despair.

"Where the Alpine summits rise,
Height o'er height stupendous hurl'd;
Like the pillars of the skies,
Like the ramparts of the world:

"Born in Freedom's eagle nest,
Rock'd by whirlwinds in their rage,
Nursed at Freedom's stormy breast,
Lived my sires from age to age.

"High o'er Underwalden's vale,
Where the forest fronts the morn;
Whence the boundless eye might sail
O'er a sea of mountains borne;

"There my little native cot
Peep'd upon my father's farm:—
Oh! it was a happy spot,
Rich in every rural charm!

"There my life, a silent stream,
Glid along, yet seem'd at rest;
Lovely as an infant's dream
On the waking mother's breast.

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"Till the storm that wreck'd the world,
In its horrible career,
Into hopeless ruin hurl'd
All this aching heart held dear.

"On the princely towers of Berne
Fell the Gallic thunder-stroke;
To the lake of poor Lucerne,
All submitted to the yoke.

"REDING then his standard raised,
Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain; (3)
But in vain his banner blazed,
REDING drew his sword in vain.

"Where our conquering fathers died,
Where their awful bones repose,
Thrice the battle's fate he tried,
Thrice o'erthrew his country's foes. (4)

"Happy then were those who fell
Fighting on their fathers' graves!
Wretched those who lived to tell
Treason made the victors slaves! (5)

"Thus my country's life retired,
Slowly driven from part to part;
Underwalden last expired,
Underwalden was the heart. (6)

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"In the valley of their birth,
Where our guardian mountains stand;
In the eye of heaven and earth,
Met the warriors of our land.

"Like their sires in olden time,
Arm'd they met in stern debate;
While in every breast sublime
Glow'd the SPIRIT OF THE STATE.

"Gallia's menace fired their blood:
With one heart and voice they rose;
Hand in hand the heroes stood,
And defied their faithless foes.

"Then to heaven, in calm despair,
As they turn'd the tearless eye,
By their country's wrongs they sware
With their country's rights to die.

"Albert from the council came
(My poor daughter was his wife:
All the valley loved his name;
Albert was my staff of life).

"From the council-field he came:
All his noble visage burn'd;
At his look I caught the flame;
At his voice my youth return'd.

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"Fire from heaven my heart renew'd,
Vigor beat through every vein;
All the powers, that age had hew'd,
Started into strength again.

"Sudden from my couch I sprang,
Every limb to life restored;
With the bound my cottage rang,
As I snatch'd my fathers' sword.

"This the weapon they did wield
On Morgarthen's dreadful day;
And through Sempach's iron field (7)
This the ploughshare of their way.

"Then, my spouse! in vain thy fears
Strove my fury to restrain;
O my daughter! all thy tears,
All thy children's, were in vain,

"Quickly from our hastening foes,
Albert's active care removed,
Far amidst the eternal snows,
Those who loved us,—those beloved. (8)

"Then our cottage we forsook;
Yet as down the steeps we pass'd,
Many an agonizing look
Homeward o'er the hills we cast.

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"Now we reach'd the nether glen,
Where in arms our brethren lay;
Thrice five hundred fearless men,
Men of adamant were they!

"Nature's bulwarks, built by Time,
'Gainst Eternity to stand,
Mountains, terribly sublime,
Girt the camp on either hand

"Dim behind, the valley brake
Into rocks that fled from view;
Fair in front the gleaming Lake
Roll'd its waters bright and blue.

"'Midst the hamlets of the dale,
Stantz, with simple grandeur crown'd, (9)
Seem'd the Mother of the vale,
With her children scatter'd round.

"'Midst the ruins of the dale
Now she bows her hoary head,
Like the Widow of the vale
Weeping o'er her children dead.

"Happier then had been her fate,
Ere she fell by such a foe,
Had an earthquake sunk her state,
Or the lightning laid her low!"

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SHEPHERD.

"By the lightning's deadly flash
Would her foes had been consumed!
Or amidst the earthquake's crash
Suddenly, alive, entomb'd!

"Why did justice not prevail?"

WANDERER.

"Ah! it was not thus to be!"

SHEPHERD.

"Man of grief! pursue thy tale
To the death of Liberty."

PART III.

The Wanderer continues his Narrative, and describes the Battle and Massacre of Underwalden.

WANDERER.

"From the valley we descried,
As the Gauls approach'd our shores,

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Keels that darken'd all the tide,
Tempesting the Lake with oars.

"Then the mountain echoes rang
With the clangour of alarms:
Shrill the signal-trumpet sang;
All our warriors leapt to arms.

"On the margin of the flood,
While the frantic foe drew nigh,
Grim as watching wolves we stood,
Prompt as eagles stretch'd to fly.

"In a deluge upon land
Burst their overwhelming might;
Back we hurl'd them from the strand,
Oft returning to the fight.

"Fierce and long the combat held—
Till the waves were warm with blood,
Till the booming waters swell'd
As they sank beneath the flood. (10)

"For on that triumphant day
Underwalden's arms once more
Broke Oppression's black array,
Dash'd invasion from her shore.

"Gaul's surviving barks retired,
Muttering vengeance as they fled;

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Hope in us, by Conquest fired,
Raised our spirits from the dead.

"From the dead our spirits rose,
To the dead they soon return'd;
Bright, on its eternal close,
Underwalden's glory burn'd.

"Star of Switzerland! whose rays
Shed such sweet expiring light,
Ere the Gallic comet's blaze
Swept thy beauty into night:—

"Star of Switzerland! thy fame
No recording bard hath sung;
Yet be thine immortal name
Inspiration to my tongue! (11)

"While the lingering moon delay'd
In the wilderness of night,
Ere the morn awoke the shade
Into loveliness and light:—

"Gallia's tigers, wild for blood,
Darted on our sleeping fold;
Down the mountains, o'er the flood
Dark as thunder-clouds they roll'd.

"By the trumpet's voice alarm'd,
All the valley burst awake;

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All were in a moment arm'd,
From the barriers to the lake,

"In that valley, on that shore,
When the graves give up their dead,
At the trumpet's voice once more
Shall those slumberers quit their bed.

"For the glen that gave them birth
Hides their ashes in its womb:
Oh! 'tis a venerable earth,
Freedom's cradle, Freedom's tomb.

"Then on every side begun
That unutterable fight;
Never rose the astonish'd sun
On so horrible a sight.

"Once an eagle of the rock
('Twas an omen of our fate)
Stoop'd, and from my scatter'd flock
Bore a lambkin to his mate.

"While the Parents fed their young,
Lo! a cloud of vultures lean,
By voracious famine stung,
Wildly screaming rush'd between.

"Fiercely fought the eagle-twain,
Though by multitudes oppress,

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Till their little ones were slain,
Till they perish'd on their nest.

"More unequal was the fray
Which our band of brethren waged;
More insatiate o'er their pray
Gaul's remorseless vultures raged.

"In innumerable waves,
Swollen with fury, grim with blood,
Headlong roll'd the hordes of slaves,
And ingulf'd us with a flood.

"In the whirlpool of that flood,
Firm in fortitude divine,
Like the eternal rocks we stood,
In the cataract of the Rhine. (12)

"Till by tenfold force assail'd,
In a hurricane of fire,
When at length our phalanx fail'd,
Then our courage blazed the higher.

"Broken into feeble bands,
Fighting in dissever'd parts,
Weak and weaker grew our hands,
Strong and stronger still our hearts.

"Fierce amid the loud alarms,
Shouting in the foremost fray,

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Children raised their little arms
In their country's evil day.

"On their country's dying bed,
Wives and husbands pour'd their breath;
Many a Youth and Maiden bled,
Married at thine altar, Death. (13)

"Wildly scatter'd o'er the plain,
Bloodier still the battle grew;—
Oh ye Spirits of the slain,
Slain on those your prowess slew:

"Who shall now your deeds relate?
Ye that fell unwept, unknown;
Mourning for your country's fate,
But rejoicing in your own.

"Virtue, valor, nought avail'd
With so merciless a foe;
When the nerves of heroes fail'd,
Cowards then could strike a blow.

"Cold and keen the assassin's blade
Smote the father to the ground;
Through the infant's breast convey'd
To the mother's heart a wound. (14)

"Underwalden thus expired;
But at her expiring flame,

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With fraternal feeling fired,
Lo, a band of Switzers came. (15)

"From the steeps beyond the lake,
Like a Winter's weight of snow,
When the huge Lavanges break,
Devastating all below; (16)

"Down they rush'd with headlong might
Swifter than the panting wind;
All before them fear and flight,
Death and silence all behind.

"How the forest of the foe
Bow'd before the thunder-strokes,
When they laid the cedars low,
When they overwhelm'd the oaks.

"Thus they hew'd their dreadful way
Till, by numbers forced to yield,
Terrible in death they lay,
The AVENGERS OF THE FIELD."

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PART IV.

The Wanderer relates the circumstances attending the Death of Albert.

SHEPHERD.

"PLEDGE the memory of the Brave,
And the Spirits of the dead;
Pledge the venerable Grave,
Valor's consecrated bed.

"Wanderer, cheer thy drooping soul,
This inspiring goblet take;
Drain the deep delicious bowl,
For thy martyr'd brethren's sake."

WANDERER.

"Hail!—all hail! the Patriot's grave,
Valor's venerable bed:
Hail! the memory of the Brave,
Hail! the spirits of the Dead.

"Time their triumphs shall proclaim,
And their rich reward be this,—
Immortality of fame,
Immortality of bliss."

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SHEPHERD.

"On that melancholy plain,
In that conflict of despair,
How was noble Albert slain?
How didst thou, old Warrior, fare?"

WANDERER.

"In the agony of strife,
Where the heart of battle bled,
Where his country lost her life,
Glorious Albert bow'd his head.

"When our phalanx broke away,
And our stoutest soldiers fell,
—Where the dark rocks dimm'd the day,
Scowling o'er the deepest dell;

"There, like lions old in blood,
Lions rallying round their den,
Albert and his warriors stood;
We were few, but we were men.

"Breast to breast we fought the ground,
Arm to arm repell'd the foe;
Every motion was a wound,
And a death was every blow.

"Thus the clouds of sunset beam
Warmer with expiring light;

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Thus autumnal meteors stream
Redder through the darkening night.

"Miracles our champions wrought—
Who their dying deeds shall tell!
Oh how gloriously they fought!
How triumphantly they fell!

"One by one gave up the ghost,
Slain, not conquer'd,—they died free.
Albert stood,—himself an host:
Last of all the Swiss was he.

"So, when night with rising shade
Climbs the Alps from steep to steep,
Till, in hoary gloom array'd,
All the giant mountains sleep.

"High in heaven their monarch stands, (17)
Bright and beauteous from afar,
Shining unto distant lands
Like a new-created star.

"While I struggled through the fight?
Albert was my sword and shield;
Till strange horror quench'd my sight,
And I fainted on the field.

"Slow awakening from that trance,
When my soul return'd to day,

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Vanish'd were the fiends of France,
—But in Albert's blood I lay.

"Slain for me, his dearest breath
On my lips he did resign;
Slain for me, he snatch'd his death
From the blow that menaced mine.

"He had raised his dying head,
And was gazing on my face;
As I woke,—the spirit fled,
But I *felt* his last embrace."

SHEPHERD.

"Man of suffering! such a tale
Would wring tears from marble eyes!"

WANDERER.

"Ha! my daughter's cheek grows pale!"

WANDERER'S WIFE.

"Help! O help! my daughter dies!"

WANDERER.

"Calm thy transports, Oh my wife!
Peace! for these dear orphans' sake!"

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WANDERER'S WIFE.

"Oh my joy, my hope, my life,
Oh my child, my child, awake!"

WANDERER.

"God! Oh God, whose goodness gives;
God! whose wisdom takes away—
Spare my child."

SHEPHERD.

"She lives, she lives!"

WANDERER,

"Lives?—my daughter, didst thou say?"

"God Almighty, on my knees,
In the dust will I adore
Thine unsearchable decrees;
—She was dead:—She lives once more.

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"When poor Albert died, no prayer
Called him back to hated life:
Oh that I had perish'd there,
Not his widow, but his wife!"

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WANDERER.

"Dare my daughter thus repine?
Albert, answer from above;
Tell me,—are these infants thine,
Whom their mother does not love?"

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"Does not love!—my father, hear;
Hear me, or my heart will break;
Dear is life, but only dear
For my parents', children's sake.

"Bow'd to Heaven's mysterious will,
I am worthy yet of you;
Yes!—I am a mother still,
Though I feel a widow too."

WANDERER.

"Mother, Widow, Mourner, all,
All kind names in one,—my child;
On thy faithful neck I fall;
Kiss me,—are we reconciled!"

WANDERER'S DAUGHTER.

"Yes, to Albert I appeal:
Albert, answer from above,
That my father's breast may feel
All his daughter's heart of love."

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SHEPHERD'S WIFE.

"Faint and wayworn as they be
With the day's long journey, Sire,
Let thy pilgrim family
Now with me to rest retire."

WANDERER.

"Yes, the hour invites to sleep;
Till the morrow we must part:
—Nay, my daughter, do not weep,
Do not weep and break my heart.

"Sorrow-soothing sweet repose
On your peaceful pillows light;
Angel-hands your eye-lids close—
Dream of Paradise to-night."

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PART V.

The Wanderer, being left alone with the Shepherd, relates his Adventures after the Battle of Underwalden.

SHEPHERD.

"When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies,)
Bright, beyond the Gulf of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.

"Peace to Albert's awful shade,
In that land where sorrows cease;
And to Albert's ashes, laid
In the earth's cold bosom, peace."

WANDERER.

"On the fatal field I lay,
Till the hour when twilight pale,
Like the ghost of dying day,
Wander'd down the darkening vale.

"Then in agony I rose,
And with horror look'd around,

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Where, embracing friends and foes,
Dead and dying, strew'd the ground.

"Many a widow fix'd her eye,
Weeping, where her husband bled.
Heedless, though her babe was by,
Prattling to his father dead.

"Many a mother, in despair,
Turning up the ghastly slain,
Sought her son, her hero there,
Whom she long'd to seek in vain.

"Dark the evening shadows roll'd
On the eye that gleam'd in death;
And the evening dews fell cold
On the lip that gasp'd for breath.

"As I gazed, an ancient dame,
—She was *childless* by her look,—
With refreshing cordials came;
Of her bounty I partook.

"Then, with desperation bold,
Albert's precious corpse I bore
On these shoulders weak and old,
Bow'd with misery before.

"Albert's angel gave me strength,
As I stagger'd down the glen;

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And I hid my charge at length
In its wildest, deepest den.

"Then, returning through the shade
To the battle-scene, I sought,
'Mongst the slain, an ax and spade;
With such weapons FREEMEN fought.

"Scythes for swords our youth did wield
In that execrable strife:
Plowshares in that horrid field
Bled with slaughter, breathed with life.

"In a dark and lonely cave,
While the glimmering moon arose,
Thus I dug my Albert's grave;
There his hallow'd limbs repose.

"Tears then, tears too long repress,
Gush'd:—they fell like healing balm,
Till the whirlwind in my breast,
Died into a dreary calm.

On the fresh earth's humid bed,
Where my martyr lay enshrined,
This forlorn unhappy head,
Crazed with anguish, I reclined.

"But while o'er my weary eyes
Soothing slumbers seem'd to creep,

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Forth I sprang, with strange surprise,
From the clasping arms of sleep.

"For the bones of Albert dead
Heaved the turf with horrid throes,
And his grave beneath my head,
Burst asunder;—Albert rose!

"'Ha! my Son—my Son,' I cried,
'Wherefore hast thou left thy grave?'
—'Fly, my Father,' he replied;
'Save my wife—my children save.'

"In the passing of a breath
This tremendous scene was o'er:
Darkness shut the gates of Death,
Silence seal'd them as before.

"One pale moment fix'd I stood
In astonishment severe;
Horror petrified my blood,—
I was wither'd up with fear.

"Then a sudden trembling came
O'er my limbs; I felt on fire,
Burning, quivering like a flame
In the instant to expire."

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SHEPHERD.

"Rather like the mountain-oak,
Tempest-shaken, rooted fast,
Grasping strength from every stroke,
While it wrestles with the blast."

WANDERER.

"Ay!—my heart, unwont to yield,
Quickly quell'd the strange affright,
And undaunted o'er the field
I began my lonely flight.

"Loud the gusty night-wind blew;—
Many an awful pause between,
Fits of light and darkness flew,
Wild and sudden o'er the scene.

"For the moon's resplendent eye
Gleams of transient glory shed;
And the clouds, athwart the sky
Like a routed army, fled.

"Sounds and voices fill'd the vale,
Heard alternate loud and low;
Shouts of victory swell'd the gale,
But the breezes murmur'd woe.

"As I climb'd the mountain's side,
Where the Lake and Valley meet,

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All my country's power and pride
Lay in ruins at my feet.

"On that grim and ghastly plain
Underwalden's heart-strings broke,
When she saw her heroes slain,
And her rocks receive the yoke.

"On that plain, in childhood's hours,
From their mothers' arms set free,
Oft those heroes gather'd flowers,
Often chased the wandering bee.

"On that plain, in rosy youth,
They had fed their fathers' flocks,
Told their love, and pledged their truth,
In the shadow of those rocks.

"There, with shepherd's pipe and song,
In the merry mingling dance,
Once they led their brides along,
Now!——Perdition seize thee, France!"

SHEPHERD.

"Heard not Heaven the accusing cries
Of the blood that smoked around,
While the life-warm sacrifice
Palpitated on the ground!"

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WANDERER.

"Wrath in silence heaps his store,
To confound the guilty foe;
But the thunder will not roar:
Till the flash has struck the blow.

"Vengeance, vengeance will not stay
It shall burst on Gallia's head,
Sudden as the judgment-day
To the unexpecting dead.

"From the Revolution's flood
Shall a fiery dragon start;
He shall drink his mother's blood,
He shall eat his father's heart.

"Nurst by Anarchy and Crime,
He——but distance mocks my sight
Oh thou great avenger, TIME!
Bring thy strangest birth to light."

SHEPHERD.

"Prophet! thou hast spoken well,
And I deem thy words divine:
Now the mournful sequel tell
Of thy country's woes and thine."

WANDERER.

"Though the moon's bewilder'd bark
By the midnight tempest tost,

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In a sea of vapours dark,
In a gulf of clouds was lost;

"Still my journey I pursued,
Climbing many a weary steep,
Whence the closing scene I view'd
With an eye that would not weep.

"Stantz—a melancholy pyre—
And her hamlets blazed behind,
With ten thousand tongues of fire
Writhing, raging in the wind. (18)

"Flaming piles, where'er I turn'd,
Cast a grim and dreadful light;
Like funeral lamps they burn'd
In the sepulchre of night;

"While the red illumined flood,
With a hoarse and hollow roar,
Seem'd a lake of living blood,
Wildly roving on the shore.

"'Midst the mountains far away,
Soon I spied the sacred spot,
Whence a slow consuming ray,
Glimmer'd from my native cot.

"At the sight my brain was fired,
And afresh my heart's wounds bled;

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Still I gazed;——the spark expired—
Nature seem'd extinct:—I fled.

"Fled; and, ere the noon of day,
Reach'd the goat-herd's nest,
Where my wife, my children lay—
Husband—Father———think the rest."

PART VI.

The Wanderer informs the Shepherd that, after the example of many of his Countrymen flying from the tyranny of France, it is his intention to settle in some remote part of America.

SHEPHERD.

"WANDERER, whither would'st thou roam;
To what region far away
Bend thy steps to find a home.
In the twilight of thy day?"

WANDERER.

"In the twilight of my day,
I am hastening to the West;

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There my weary limbs to lay,
Where the sun retires to rest.

"Far beyond the Atlantic floods,
Stretch'd beneath the evening sky,
Realms of mountains, dark with woods,
In Columbia's bosom lie.

"There, in glens and caverns rude,
Silent since the world began,
Dwells the virgin Solitude,
Unbetray'd by faithless man;

"Where a tyrant never trod,
Where a slave was never known,
But where Nature worships God
In the wilderness alone;

"—Thither, thither would I roam;
There my children may be free;
I for them will find a home,
They shall find a grave for me.

"Though my fathers' bones afar
In their native land repose,
Yet beneath the twilight star
Soft on mine the turf shall close.

"Though the mould that wraps my clay
When this storm of life is o'er,

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Never since creation lay
On a human breast before;—

"Yet in sweet communion there,
When she follows to the dead,
Shall my bosom's partner share
Her poor husband's lowly bed.

"Albert's babes shall deck our grave,
And my daughter's duteous tears
Bid the flowery verdure wave
Through the winter-waste of years."

SHEPHERD.

"Long before thy sun descend,
May thy woes and wanderings cease;
Late and lovely be thine end;
Hope and triumph, joy and peace!

"As our lakes, at day's decline,
Brighten through the gathering gloom,
May thy latest moments shine
Through the night-fall of the tomb."

WANDERER.

"Though our parent perish'd here,
Like the Phœnix on her nest,
Lo! new-fledged her wings appear,
Hovering in the golden West.

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"Thither shall her sons repair,
And beyond the roaring main
Find their native country there,
Find their Switzerland again.

Mountains, can ye chain the will?
Ocean, canst thou quench the heart?
No; I feel my country still,
LIBERTY! where'er thou art.

"Thus it was in hoary time,
When our fathers sallied forth,
Full of confidence sublime,
From the famine-wasted North. (19)

"'Freedom, in a land of rocks
Wild as Scandinavia, give.
Power Eternal! where our flocks
And our little ones may live.'

"Thus they pray'd;——a sacred hand
Led them by a path unknown,
To that dear delightful land
Which I yet must call my own.

"To the Vale of Switz they came
Soon their meliorating toil
Gave the forests to the flame,
And their ashes to the soil.

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"Thence their ardent labors spread,
Till above the mountain-snows
Towering beauty show'd her head,
And a new creation rose!

"So, in regions wild and wide,
We will pierce the savage woods,
Clothe the rocks in purple pride,
Plow the valleys, tame the floods;

"Till a beauteous inland isle,
By a forest-sea embraced,
Shall make Desolation smile
In the depth of his own waste.

"There, unenvied and unknown,
We shall dwell secure and free,
In a country all our own,
In a land of Liberty."

SHEPHERD.

"Yet the woods, the rocks, the streams,
Unbeloved, shall bring to mind,
Warm with Evening's purple beams,
Dearer objects left behind;

"And thy native country's song,
Caroll'd in a foreign clime,
When new echoes shall prolong,
—Simple, tender, and sublime;

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"How will thy poor check turn pale,
And, before thy banish'd eyes,
Underwalden's charming vale
And thine own sweet cottage rise!"

WANDERER.

"By the glorious ghost of TELL;
By Morgarthen's awful fray;
By the field where Albert fell
In thy last and bitter day;

"Soul of Switzerland, arise!
——Ha! the spell has waked the dead:
From her ashes to the skies
Switzerland exalts her head.

"See the Queen of Mountains stand
In immortal mail complete,
With the lightning in her hand,
And the Alps beneath her feet.

"Hark! her voice:—'My sons, awake:
Freedom dawns, behold the day:
From the bed of bondage break,
'Tis your mother calls,—obey.'

"At the sound, our fathers' graves,
On each ancient battle-plain,
Utter groans, and toss like waves
When the wild blast sweeps the main.

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"Rise, my brethren! cast away
All the chains that bind you slaves;
Rise,—your mother's voice obey,
And appease your fathers' graves.

"Strike!—the, conflict is begun;
Freemen, Soldiers, follow me,
Shout! the victory is won,—
SWITZERLAND AND LIBERTY!"

SHEPHERD.

"Warrior, Warrior, stay thine arm,
Sheathe, O sheathe thy frantic sword."

WANDERER.

"Ah! I rave—I faint——the charm
Flies,——and memory is restored.

"Yes, to agony restored
From the too transporting charm:—
Sleep forever, O my sword!
Be thou wither'd, O mine arm!

"Switzerland is but a name:
——Yet I feel, where'er I roam,
That my heart is still the same,
Switzerland is still my home."

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NOTES.

Note 1.

On St. Gothard's hoary top.

St. Gothard is the name of the highest mountain in the canton of Uri, the birth place of Swiss independence.

Note 2.

When the Glaciers dark with death,

More properly the Avalanches: immense accumulations of ice and snow, balanced on the verge of the mountains in such subtle suspense, that, in the opinion of the natives, the tread of the traveller may bring them down in destruction upon him. The Glaciers are more permanent masses of ice, and formed rather in the valleys than on the summits of the Alps.

Note 3.

Drew his sword on Brunnen's plain;

Brunnen, at the foot of the mountains, on the borders of the Lake of Uri, where the first Swiss Patriots, Walter Furst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schwitz, and Arnold of Melchtal in Underwalden conspired against the tyranny of Austria in 1307 again in 1798, became the seat of the Diet of these three forest cantons.

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NOTE. 4

T'Arice o'erthrew his country's foes.

On the plains of Morgarthen, where the Swiss gained their first decisive victory over the force of Austria, and thereby secured the independence of their country; Aloys Reding, at the head of the troops of the little cantons, Uri, Schwitz, and Underwalden, repeatedly repulsed the invading army of France.

NOTE 5.

Treason made the victors slaves!

By the resistance of these small cantons, the French General Schawenbourg was compelled to respect their independence, and gave them a solemn pledge to that purport; but no sooner had they disarmed, on the faith of this engagement, than the enemy came suddenly upon them with an immense force; and with threats of extermination compelled them to take the civic oath to the new constitution, imposed upon all Switzerland.

NOTE 6.

Underwalden was the heart.

The inhabitants of the Lower Valley of Underwalden alone resisted the French message, which required submission to the new constitution, and the immediate surrender, *alive* or *dead*, of nine of their leaders. When the demand, accompanied by a menace of destruction, was read in the Assembly of the District, all the men of the Valley, fifteen hundred in number, took up arms, and devoted themselves to perish in the ruins of their country.

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NOTE 7.

And through Sempach's iron field.

At the battle of Sempach, the Austrians presented so impenetrable a front with their projected spears, that the Swiss were repeatedly compelled to retire from the attack, till a native of Underwalden, named Arnold de Winkelried, commending his family to his countrymen, sprung upon the enemy, and burying as many of their spears as he could grasp in his body, made a breach in their line; the Swiss rushed in, and routed the Austrians with a terrible slauughter.

NOTE 8.

Those who loved us,—those beloved.

Many of the Underwalders, on the approach of the French army, removed their families and cattle among the Higher Alps; and themselves returned to join their brethren, who had encamped in their native Valley, on the borders of the Lake, and awaited the attack of the enemy.

NOTE 9.

Stantz, with simple grandeur crown'd,

The Capital of Underwalden.

NOTE 10.

As they sank beneath the flood.

The French made their first attack on the Valley of Underwalden from the Lake: but, after a desperate conflict, they were victoriously repelled, and two of their vessels, containing five hundred men, perished in the engagement.

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NOTE 11.

Inspiration to my tongue!

In the last and decisive battle, the Underwaldens were overpowered by two French armies, which rushed upon them from the opposite mountains, and surrounded their camp, while an assault, at the same time, was made upon them from the Lake.

NOTE 12.

In the cataract of the Rhine.

At Schaffhausen.—See Coxe's Travels.

NOTE 13.

Married at thine altar, Death.

In this miserable conflict, many of the Women and Children of the Underwaldens fought in the ranks by their Husbands, and Fathers, and Friends, and fell gloriously for their country.

NOTE 14.

To the mother's heart a wound.

An indiscriminate massacre followed the battle.

NOTE 15.

Lo, a band of Switzers came.

Two hundred self-devoted heroes from the Canton of Switz arrived, at the close of the battle, to the aid of their Brethren of Underwalden,—and perished to a man, after having slain thrice their number.

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NOTE 16.

When the huge Lavanges break,

The Lavanges are tremendous torrents of melting snow that tumble from the tops of the Alps, and deluge all the country before them.

NOTE 17.

High in heaven their monarch stands,

Mont Blanc; which is so much higher than the surrounding Alps, that it catches and retains the beams of the sun *twenty minutes* earlier and later than they, and, crowned with eternal ice, may be seen from an immense distance, purpling with his eastern light, or crimsoned with his setting glory while mist and obscurity rest on the mountains below.

NOTE 18.

Writhing, raging in the wind.

The town of Stantz, and the surrounding villages, were burnt by the French on the night after the battle of Underwalden, and the beautiful valley was converted into a wilderness.

NOTE 19.

From the famine-wasted North.

There is a tradition among the Swiss, that they are descended from the ancient Scandinavians; among whom, in a remote age, there arose so grievous a famine, that it was determined in the assembly of the Nation, that every tenth man and his family should quit their country, and seek a new possession. Six thousand, chosen by lot, thus emigrated at once

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from the North. They prayed to God to conduct them to a land like their own, where they might dwell in freedom and quiet, finding food for their families, and pasture for their cattle. God, says the tradition, led them to a valley among the Alps, where they cleared away the forests, built the town of Switz, and afterwards peopled and cultivated the cantons of Uri and Underwalden.

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PRISON AMUSEMENTS;

Written during nine months of confinement in the castle of York, in the years 1792 and 1796.

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ADVERTISEMENT

THESE pieces were composed in bitter moments, amid the horror of a gaol, under the pressure of sickness.—They were the transcripts of melancholy feelings,—the warm effusions of a bleeding heart. The writer amused his imagination with attiring his sorrows in verse, that, under the romantic appearance of fiction, he might sometimes forget that his misfortunes were real.

The reader may be curious to be informed of the circumstances to which these trifles owe their existence. Suffice it to say, the writer is very young, and has been very unfortunate. Twice, in the course of twelve months, he was sentenced to the penalties of fine and imprisonment for imputed offences: In January, 1795, and again in January 1796; the first time—a fine of twenty pounds, and three months' confinement: the second—six months' confinement, and a fine of thirty pounds

In behalf of these the forbearance of criticism may be solicited, without degradation to the Author

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PRISON AMUSEMENTS.

VERSES TO A ROBIN RED-BREAST.

WHO VISITS THE WINDOW OF MY PRISON EVERY DAY

WELCOME, pretty little stranger!
Welcome to my lone retreat!
Here, secure from every danger,
Hop about, and chirp, and eat.
Robin! how I envy thee,
Happy child of Liberty.

Now, though tyrant Winter, howling,
Shakes the world with tempests round,
Heaven above with vapors scowling,
Frost imprisons all the ground;—
Robin! what are these to thee?
Thou art blest with liberty.

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Though yon fair majestic river*
Mourns in solid icy chains;
Though yon flocks and cattle shiver
On the desolated plains;—
Robin! thou art gay and free,
Happy in thy liberty,

Hunger never shall distress thee,
While my cates one crumb afford;
Colds nor cramps shall ne'er oppress thee;
Come and share my humble board,
Robin! come and live with me,
Live—yet still at liberty.

Soon shall Spring, in smiles and blushes,
Steal upon the blooming year;
Then, amid the enamor'd bushes,
Thy sweet song shall warble clear;
Then shall I too, join'd with thee,
Swell the Hymn of Liberty.

Should some rough unfeeling Dobbin,
In this iron-hearted age,
Seize thee on thy nest, my Robin!
And confine thee in a cage,
Then, poor pris'ner! think of me,
Think—and sigh for Liberty.

Feb. 2, 1795.

*The Ouse.

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MOONLIGHT.

GENTLE Moon! a captive calls;
Gentle Moon! awake, arise;
Gild the prison's sullen walls;
Gild the tears that drown his eyes.

Throw thy veil of clouds aside;
Let those smiles that light the pole
Through the liquid ether glide,—
Glide into the mourner's soul.

Cheer his melancholy mind;
Soothe his sorrows, heal his smart,
Let thine influence, pure, refined,
Cool the fever of his heart.

Chase despondency and care
Fiends that haunt the GUILTY breast;
Conscious virtue braves despair,
Triumphs most when most oppress'd.

Now I feel thy power benign
Swell my bosom, thrill my veins;

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As thy beams the brightest shine,
When the deepest midnight reigns

Say, fair shepherdess of night!
Who thy starry flock dost lead
Unto rills of living light,
On the blue ethereal mead;

At this moment, dost thou see,
From thine elevated sphere,
One kind friend who thinks of me,—
Thinks, and drops a feeling tear?

On a brilliant beam convey
This soft whisper to his breast;
"Wipe that generous drop away,
He for whom it falls is blest:

"Blest with Freedom unconfined;
Dungeons cannot hold the Soul:
Who can chain the immortal Mind?
—None but He who spans the pole"

Fancy, too, the nimble fairy,
With her subtle magic spell,
In romantic visions airy
Steals the captive from his cell

On her moonlight pinions borne,
Far he flies from grief and pain;

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Never, never to be torn
From his friends and home again.

Stay thou dear delusion! stay;
Beauteous bubble! do not break:
—Ah! the pageant flits away;
Who from such a dream would wake?

March 7, 1795.

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THE CAPTIVE NIGHTINGALE.

NOCTURNAL Silence reigning,
A Nightingale began,
In his cold cage complaining
Of cruel-hearted man;
His drooping pinions shiver'd,
Like wither'd moss so dry;
His heart with anguish quiver'd,
And sorrow dimm'd his eye.

His grief in soothing slumbers
No balmy power could steep;
So sweetly flow'd his numbers,
The music seem'd to weep.
Unfeeling Sons of Folly!
To you the Mourner sung;
While tender melancholy
Inspired his plaintive tongue.

"Now reigns the moon in splendor
Amid the heaven serene;
A thousand stars attend her,
And glitter round their queen:

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Sweet hours of inspiration!
When I, the still night long,
Was wont to pour my passion,
And breathe my soul in Song

"But now, delicious season!
In vain thy charms invite:
Entomb'd in this dire prison,
I sicken at the sight.
This morn, this vernal morning,
The happiest bird was I,
That hail'd the sun returning,
Or swam the liquid sky.

"In yonder breezy bowers,
Among the foliage green,
I spent my tuneful hours,
In solitude serene:
There soft Melodia's beauty
First fired my ravish'd eye;
I vow'd eternal duty;
She look'd—half kind, half shy

"My plumes with ardor trembling
I flutter'd, sigh'd, and sung;
The fair one, still dissembling,
Refused to trust my tongue:
A thousand tricks inventing,
A thousand arts I tried,
Till the sweet nymph, relenting,
Confess'd herself my bride.

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"Deep in the grove retiring,
To choose our secret seat,
We found an oak aspiring,
Beneath whose mossy feet,
Where the tall herbage swelling
Had form'd a green alcove,
We built our humble dwelling
And hallow'd it with love.

"Sweet scene of vanish'd pleasure
This day, this fatal day,
My little ones, my treasure,
My spouse, were stolen away!
I saw the precious plunder,
All in a napkin bound;
Then, smit with human thunder,
I flutter'd on the ground!

"O Man! beneath whose vengeance
All Nature bleeding lies!
Who charged thine impious engines
With lightning from the skies?
Ah! is thy bosom iron?
Does it thine heart enchain?
As these cold bars environ,
And, captive, me detain?

'Where are my offspring tender?
Where is my widow'd mate?
—Thou Guardian Moon! defend her!
Ye stars! avert their fate!

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O'erwhelm'd with killing anguish,
In iron cage, forlorn,
I see my poor babes languish!
I hear their mother mourn!

"O Liberty! inspire me,
And eagle strength supply!
Thou, Love almighty! fire me!
I 'll burst my prison—or die!"
He sung; and forward bounded:
He broke the yielding door!
But, with the shock confounded,
Fell, lifeless, on the floor!

Farewell, then, Philomela:
Poor martyr'd bird! adieu!
There's one, my charming fellow!
Who thinks, who feels, like you:
The bard that pens thy story,
Amidst a prison's gloom,
Sighs,—not for wealth nor glory,
—But freedom, or thy tomb!

Feb. 12, 1796.

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ODE TO THE EVENING STAR.

HAIL! resplendent Evening Star!
Brightly beaming from afar;
Fairest gem, of purest light,
In the diadem of night.

Now thy mild and modest ray
Lights to rest the weary day;
While the lustre of thine eye
Sweetly trembles through the sky;
As the closing shadows roll
Deep and deeper round the pole,
Lo! thy kindling legions bright
Steal insensibly to light,
Till, magnificent and clear,
Shines the spangled hemisphere.

In these calmly-pleasing hours,
When the soul expands her powers,
And, on wings of contemplation,
Ranges round the vast creation;

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When the mind's immortal eye
Bounds, with rapture, to the sky,
And, in one triumphant glance,
Comprehends the wide expanse,
Where stars, and suns, and systems shine,
Faint beams of MAJESTY DIVINE;—
Now, when visionary sleep
Lulls the world in slumbers deep;
When silence, awfully profound,
Breathes solemn inspiration round;
Queen of beauty! queen of stars!
Smile upon these frowning bars:
Softly sliding from thy sphere,
Condescend to visit here.

In the circle of this cell
No tormenting demons dwell;
Round these walls, in wild despair,
No agonizing spectres glare:
Here reside no furies gaunt;
No tumultuous passions haunt;
Fell revenge, nor treachery base;
Guilt, with bold unblushing face;
Pale remorse, within whose breast
Scorpion horrors murder rest;
Coward malice, hatred dire;
Lawless rapine, dark desire;
Pining envy, frantic ire;
Never, never dare intrude
On this pensive solitude.

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—But a sorely hunted deer
Finds a sad asylum here;
One, whose panting sides have been
Pierced with many an arrow keen;
One, whose deeply-wounded heart
Bears the scars of many a dart.
In the herd he vainly mingled;
From the herd when harshly singled,
Too proud to fly, he scorn'd to yield;
Too weak to fight. he lost the field:
Assail'd and captive led away,
He fell, a poor inglorious prey.

Deign then, gentle Star! to shed
Thy soft lustre round mine head;
With cheering radiance gild the room,
And melt the melancholy gloom.
When I see thee, from thy sphere,
Trembling like a brilliant tear,
Shed a sympathizing ray
On the pale expiring day,
Then a welcome emanation
Of reviving consolation,
Swifter than the lightning's dart,
Glances through my glowing heart;
Soothes my sorrows, lulls my woes,
In a soft, serene repose,
Like the undulating motion
Of the deep majestic ocean,

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When the whispering billows glide
Smooth along the tranquil tide;
Calmly thus, prepared, resign'd,
Swells the independent mind.

But when, through clouds, thy beauteous light
Streams, in splendor, on the night,
Hope, like thee, my leading star,
Through the sullen gloom of care,
Sheds an animating ray
On the dark, bewildering way.
Starting, then, with sweet surprise,
Tears of transport swell mine eyes;
Wildly through each throbbing vein,
Rapture thrills with pleasing pain;
All my fretful fears are banish'd;
All my dreams of anguish vanish'd:
Energy my soul inspires,
And wakes the muse's hallow'd fires
Rich in melody, my tongue
Warbles forth spontaneous song

Thus my prison moments gav
Swiftly, sweetly, glide away;
Till the last long day declining
O'er yon tower thy glory shining
Shall the welcome signal be
Of to-morrow's liberty!

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Liberty, triumphant borne
On the rosy wings of morn,
Liberty shall then return!

Rise, to set the captive free—
Rise, O Sun of Liberty!

Feb. 29, 1796.

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SOLILOQUY
OF A WATER-WAGTAIL,

ON THE WALLS OF YORK CASTLE.

On the walls that guard my prison,
  Swelling with fantastic pride,
Brisk and merry as the season,
  I a feather'd coxcomb spied:
When the little hopping elf
Gaily thus amused himself.

"Hear your sovereign's proclamation,
  All good subjects, young and old!
I'm the Lord of the Creation;
  I—a Water-Wagtail bold!
All around, and all you see,
All the world was made for ME!

"Yonder sun, so proudly shining,
  Rises—when I leave my nest;
And, behind the hills declining,
  Sets—when I retire to rest:

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Morn and evening, thus you see,
Day and night, were made for ME!

"Vernal gales to love invite me:
Summer sheds for me her beams,
Autumn's jovial scenes delight me;
Winter paves with ice my streams
All the year is mine, you see:
Seasons change, like moons, for ME!

"On the head of giant mountains,
Or beneath the shady trees;
By the banks of warbling fountains,
I enjoy myself at ease:
Hills and valleys, thus you see,
Groves and rivers, made for ME!

"Boundless are my vast dominions:
I can hop, or swim, or fly;
When I please, my towering pinions
Trace my empire through the sky:
Air and elements, you see,
Heaven and earth, were made for ME!

"Birds and insects, beasts and fishes
All their humble distance keep;
Man, subservient to my wishes,
Sows the harvest which I reap:
Mighty man himself, you see,
All that breathe, were made for ME!

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"'Twas for my accommodation
Nature rose when I was born:
Should I die—the whole creation
Back to nothing would return:
Sun, moon, stars, the world, you see.
Sprung—exist—will fall with ME!"

Here the pretty prattler ending,
Spread his wings to soar away;
But a cruel Hawk, descending,
Pounced him up,—a helpless prey.
—Couldst thou not, poor Wagtail! see,
That the Hawk was made for THEE?

April 15, 1796.

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THE PLEASURES OF IMPRISONMENT.

IN TWO EPISTLES TO A FRIEND.

EPISTLE I.

You ask, my friend. and well you may,
You ask me how I spend the day:
I'll tell you, in unstudied rhyme,
How wisely I befool my time:
Expect not wit, nor fancy then,
In this effusion of my pen;
These idle lines—they might be worse—
Are simple prose, in simple verse.

Each morning, then, at five o'clock,
The adamantine doors unlock;
Bolts, bars, and portals, crash and thunder
The gates of iron burst asunder;
Hinges that creak, and keys that jingle,
With clattering chains, in concert mingle;
So sweet the din, your dainty ear,
For joy, would break its drum to hear;

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While my dull organs, at the sound,
Rest in tranquillity profound:
Fantastic dreams amuse my brain,
And waft my spirit home again:
Though captive all day long, 'tis true,
At night I am as free as you;
Not ramparts high, nor dungeons deep,
Can hold me when I'm fast asleep.

But every thing is good in season,
I dream at large, and wake in prison.
Yet think not, sir, I lie too late,
I rise as early even as eight:
Ten hours of drowsiness are plenty,
For any man, in four-and-twenty.
You smile—and yet 'tis nobly done,
I'm but five hours behind the sun!

When dress'd, I to the yard repair,
And breakfast on the pure, fresh air:
But though this choice Castalian cheer
Keeps both the head and stomach clear,
For reasons strong enough with me,
I mend the meal with toast and tea.
Now air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing:
Yet bards are not chameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light:
Who ever dined or supp'd on fame,
And went to bed upon a name?

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Breakfast dispatch'd, I sometimes read
To clear the vapors from my head;
For books are magic charms, I ween,
Both for the crotchets and the spleen.
When genius, wisdom, wit abound,
Where sound is sense, and sense is sound;
When art and nature both combine,
And live, and breathe, in every line;
The reader glows along the page
With all the author's native rage!
But books there are with nothing fraught,—
Ten thousand words, and ne'er a thought;
Where periods without period crawl,
Like caterpillars on a wall,
That fall to climb, and climb to fall;
While still their efforts only tend
To keep them from their journey's end.
The readers yawn with pure vexation,
And nod—but not with approbation.
In such a fog of dullness lost,
Poor Patience must give up the ghost;
Not Argus' eyes awake could keep,
Even Death might read himself to sleep.

At half-past ten, or thereabout,
My eyes are all upon the scout,
To see the lounging post-boy come,
With letters or with news from home.
Believe it, on a captive's word,
Although the doctrine seem absurd.

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The paper-messengers of friends
For absence almost make amends;
But if you think I jest or lie,
Come to York Castle, sir, and try.

Sometimes to fairy-land I rove
Those iron rails become a grove;
These stately buildings fall away
To moss-grown cottages of clay;
Debtors are changed to jolly swains,
Who pipe and whistle on the plains;
Yon felons grim, with fetters bound,
Are satyrs wild, with garlands crown'd:
Their clanking chains are wreaths of flowers;
Their horrid cells ambrosial bowers:
The oaths, expiring on their tongues,
Are metamorphosed into songs;
While wretched female prisoners, lo!
Are Dian's nymphs of virgin snow.
Those hideous walls with verdure shoot
These pillars bend with blushing fruit;
That dunghill swells into a mountain,
The pump becomes a purling fountain;
The noisome smoke of yonder mills,
The circling air with fragrance fills;
This horse-pond spreads into a lake,
And swans of ducks and geese I make,
Sparrows are changed to turtle-doves,
That bill and coo their pretty loves;

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Wagtails, turn'd thrushes, charm the vales,
And tomtits sing like nightingales.
No more the wind through key-holes whistles,
But sighs on beds of pinks and thistles;
The rattling rain that beats without,
And gurgles down the leaden spout,
In light, delicious dew distils,
And melts away in amber rills;
Elysium rises on the green,
And health and beauty crown the scene.

Then by the enchantress Fancy led,
On violet banks I lay my head;
Legions of radiant forms arise,
In fair array, before mine eyes;
Poetic visions gild my brain,
And melt in liquid air again!
As in a magic-lantern clear,
Fantastic images appear,
That beaming from the spectred glass,
In beautiful succession pass,
Yet steal the lustre of their light
From the deep shadow of the night:
Thus, in the darkness of my head,
Ten thousand shining things are bred,
That borrow splendor from the gloom,
As glow-worms twinkle in a tomb.

But lest these glories should confound me
Kind Dullness draws her curtain round me,

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The visions vanish in a trice,
And I awake as cold as ice;
Nothing remains of all the vapor,
Save—what I send you—ink and paper.

Thus flow my morning hours along,
Smooth as the numbers of my song:
Yet let me wander as I will,
I feel I am a prisoner still,
Thus Robin, with the blushing breast,
Is ravish'd from his little nest
By barbarous boys, who bind his leg,
To make him flutter round a peg:
See, the glad captive spreads his wings,
Mounts, in a moment, mounts and sings,
When suddenly the cruel chain
Twitches him back to earth again.
—The clock strikes one—I can't delay,
For dinner comes but once a day.
At present, worthy friend, farewell;
But by to-morrow's post I'll tell,
How, during these half-dozen moons,
I cheat the lazy afternoons.

June 13, 1796.

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EPISTLE II.

In this sweet place, where freedom reigns,
Secured by bolts, and snug in chains,
Where innocence and guilt together
Roost like two turtles of a feather;
Where debtors safe at anchor lie
From saucy duns and bailiffs sly;
Where highwaymen and robbers stout
Would, rather than break in, break out;
Where all so guarded and recluse,
That none his liberty can lose;
Here each may, as his means afford,
Dine like a pauper or a lord,
And those who can't the cost defray
May live to dine another day.

Now let us ramble o'er the green,
To see and hear what's heard and seen,
To breathe the air, enjoy the light,
And hail yon sun, who shines as bright
Upon the dungeon and the gallows
As on York Minster or Kew Palace,
And here let us the scene review:
That's the old castle, this the new;
Yonder the felons' walk, and there
The lady-prisoners take the air,
Behind are solitary cells,
Where hermits live like snails in shells;

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There stands the chapel for good people;
That black balcony is the steeple;
How gaily spins the weather-cock:
How proudly shines the crazy clock.
A clock, whose wheels eccentric run
More like my head than like the sun:
And yet it shows us, right or wrong,
The days are only twelve hours long;
Though captives often reckon here
Each day a month, each month a year.
There honest William stands in state,
The porter, at the horrid gate;
Yet no ill-natured soul is he,
Entrance to all the world is free;
One thing indeed is rather hard,
Egress is frequently debarr'd;
Of all the joys within that reign,
There's none like—getting out again!
Across the green, behold the court,
Were jargon reigns and wigs resort;
Where bloody tongues fight bloodless battles,
For life and death, for straws and rattles;
Where juries yawn their patience out,
And judges dream in spite of gout
There, on the outside of the door
(As sang a wicked wag of yore,)
Stands Mother Justice, tall and thin,
Who never yet hath ventured in.
The cause, my friend, may soon be shown:
The lady was a stepping-stone,

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Till—though the metamorphose odd is—
A chisel made the block a goddess:
—"Odd!" did I say?—I'm wrong this time;
But I was hamper'd for a rhyme:
Justice at—I could tell you where—
Is just the same as justice there.

But lo! my frisking dog attends,
The kindest of four-footed friends;
Brim-full of giddiness and mirth,
He is the prettiest fool on earth.
The rogue is twice a squirrel's size,
With short snub nose and big black eyes
A cloud of brown adorns his tail,
That curls and serves him for a sail;
The same deep auburn dies his ears,
That never were abridged by shears:
While white around, as Lapland snows,
His hair, in soft profusion, flows;
Waves on his breast, and plumes his feet
With glossy fringe, like feathers fleet.
A thousand antic tricks he plays,
And looks at once a thousand ways;
His wit, if he has any, lies
Somewhere between his tail and eyes;
Sooner the light those eyes will fail,
Than *Billy* cease to wag that tail.
And yet the fellow ne'er is safe
From the tremendous beak of Ralph;

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A raven grim, in black and blue,
As arch a knave, as e'er you knew;
Who hops about with broken pinions,
And thinks these walls his own dominions
This wag a mortal foe to Bill is,
They fight like Hector and Achilles;
Bold Billy runs with all his might,
And conquers, Parthian-like, in flight;
While Ralph his own importance feels,
And wages endless war with heels:
Horses and dogs, and geese and deer,
He slily pinches in the rear;
They start, surprised with sudden pain,
While honest Ralph sheers off again.

A melancholy stag appears,
With rueful look and flagging ears;
A feeble, lean, consumptive elf.
The very picture of myself!
My ghost-like form, and new-moon phiz,
Are just the counterparts of his:
Blasted like me by fortune's frown;
Like me, TWICE hunted, TWICE run down.
Like me, pursued almost to death,
He's come to gaol to save his breath!
Still, on his painful limbs, are seen
The scars where worrying dogs have been;
Still on his woe-imprinted face,
I weep a broken heart to trace.

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Daily the mournful wretch I feed
With crumbs of comfort and of bread;
But man, false man! so well he knows,
He deems the species all his foes:
In vain I smile to soothe his fear,
He will not dare to come too near;
He lingers—looks—and fain he would—
Then strains his neck to reach the food
Oft as his plaintive looks I see.
A brother's bowels yearn in me.
What rocks and tempests yet await
Both him and me, we leave to fate;
We know, by past experience taught,
That innocence availeth naught:
I feel, and 'tis my proudest boast,
That conscience is itself a host:
While this inspires my swelling breast,
Let all forsake me—I'm at rest;
Ten thousand deaths, in every nerve,
I'd rather SUFFER than DESERVE.

But yonder comes the victim's wife,
A dappled doe, all fire and life:
She trips along with gallant pace,
Her limbs alert, her motion grace:
Soft as the moon-light fairies bound,
Her footsteps scarcely kiss the ground;
Gently she lifts her fair brown head,
And licks my hand, and begs for bread:
I pat her forehead, stroke her neck,
She starts, and gives a timid squeak;

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Then, while her eye with brilliance burns
The fawning animal returns;
Pricks her bob-tail, and waves her ears,
And happier than a queen appears:
—Poor beast! from fell ambition free,
And all the woes of LIBERTY;
Born in a gaol, a prisoner bred,
No dreams of hunting rack thine head;
Ah! mayst thou never pass these bounds
To see the world—and feel the hounds!
Still all her beauty, all her art,
Have fail'd to win her husband's heart;
Her lambent eyes, and lovely chest;
Her swan-like neck, and ermine breast;
Her taper legs, and spotty hide,
So softly, delicately pied,
In vain their fond allurements spread,—
To love and joy her spouse is dead.
But lo! the evening shadows fall
Broader and browner from the wall;
A warning voice, like curfew-bell,
Commands each captive to his cell;
My faithful dog and I retire,
To play and chatter by the fire:
Soon comes a turnkey with "Good night, sir!"
And bolts the door with all his might, sir:
Then leisurely to bed I creep,
And sometimes wake—and sometimes sleep
These are the joys that reign in prison,
And if I'm happy, 'tis with reason:

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Yet still this prospect o'er the rest
Makes every blessing doubly blest;
That soon these pleasures will be vanish'd
And I, from all these comforts, banish'd!

June 14, 1796.

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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

O laborum
Dulce lenimen, mihi cumque salve
Rite vocanti.

Horat. ad Lyram, Od. XXXII, lib. 1.

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THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer-evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish;—O my Mother Earth,
Take home thy Child.

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On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave;
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
—"I am THE GRAVE!"

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse the guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

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"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee LIVE!—repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last

"Art thou a WANDERER?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been
Mistortunes mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

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"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told,
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosoms deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN'S charm thy youth beguile,
And did the Fair One faithless prove?
Hath she betrayed thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE! 'Twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

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"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"—Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed he will not break
Afflictions all his children feel;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary Pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

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"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."

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THE LYRE.

Ah! who would love the lyre?
W. B. Stevens.

WHERE the roving rill meander'd
Down the green retiring vale,
Poor, forlorn ALCÆUS wander'd,
Pale with thought, serenely pale:
Timeless sorrow o'er his face
Breathed a melancholy grace,
And fix'd on every feature there
The mournful resignation of despair.

O'er his arm, his lyre neglected,
Once his dear companion, hung,
And, in spirit deep dejected,
Thus the pensive poet sung:
While, at midnight's solemn noon,
Sweetly shone the cloudless moon,
And all the stars, around his head,
Benignly bright, their mildest influence shed.

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"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart;
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We must now for ever part:
For in vain thy poet sings,
Wooes in vain thine heavenly strings;
The Muse's wretched sons are born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"That which Alexander sigh'd for,
That which Cæsar's soul possess'd,
That which heroes, kings, have died for—
Glory!—animates my breast:
Hark! the charging trumpets' throats
Pour their death-defying notes;
'To arms!' they call: to arms I fly.
Like Wolfe to conquer, and like Wolfe to die.

"Soft!—the blood of murder'd legions
Summons vengeance from the skies;
Flaming towns and ravaged regions,
All in awful judgment rise.—
O then, innocently brave,
I will wrestle with the wave;
Lo! Commerce spreads the daring sail,
And yokes her naval chariots to the gale.

"Blow, ye breezes!—gently blowing,
Waft me to that happy shore,
Where from fountains ever flowing
Indian realms their treasures pour:

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Thence returning, poor in health,
Rich in honesty and wealth,
O'er thee, my dear paternal soil,
I'll strew the golden harvest of my toil.

"Then shall Misery's sons and daughters
In their lowly dwellings sing;
Bounteous as the Nile's dark waters,
Undiscover'd as the spring,
I will scatter o'er the land
Blessings with a secret hand;—
For such angelic tasks design'd,
I give the Lyre and sorrow to the wind."

On an oak, whose branches hoary
Sigh'd to every passing breeze,
Sigh'd and told the simple story
Of the patriarch of trees;
High in the air his harp he hung,
Now no more to rapture strung;
Then warm in hope, no longer pale,
He blush'd adieu, and rambled down the dale.

Lightly touch'd by fairy fingers,
Hark!—the Lyre enchants the wind;
Fond Alcæus listens, lingers,
—Lingering, listening, looks behind.
Now the music mounts on high,
Sweetly swelling through the sky;

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To every tone, with tender heat,
His heart-strings vibrate, and his pulses beat.

Now the strains to silence stealing,
Soft in ecstacies expire;
Oh! with what romantic feeling
Poor Alcæus grasps the Lyre.
Lo! his furious hand he flings
In a tempest o'er the strings;
He strikes the chords so quick, so loud,
'Tis Jove that scatters lightning from a cloud.

"Lyre! O Lyre! my chosen treasure,
Solace of my bleeding heart,
Lyre! O Lyre! my only pleasure,
We will never, never part.
Glory, Commerce, now in vain
Tempt me to the field, the main;
The Muse's sons are blest, though born
To cold neglect, and penury, and scorn.

"What though all the world neglect me,
Shall my haughty soul repine?
And shall poverty deject me,
While this hallow'd Lyre is mine?
Heaven—that o'er my helpless head
Many a wrathful vial shed,—
Heaven gave this Lyre,—and thus decreed,
Be thou a *bruised*, but not a *broken* reed."

Digitized by Google

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

Ah! why, unfeeling Winter, why
  Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy Season, fly,
  And yield the year to Spring.

Spring,—the young harbinger of love,
  An exile in disgrace,—
Flits o'er the scene, like Noah's dove,
  Nor finds a resting-place.

When on the mountain's azure peak
  Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds,—and dark and bleak
  Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair
  For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there
  And drives her, weeping, thence.

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She seeks the brook, the faithless brook
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

She wooes her embryo flowers in vain
To rear their infant heads;—
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;—
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favorite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament thy long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats
To charm thy blasts away.

Ah, Winter, calm thy cruel rage,
Release the struggling year;
Thy power is past, decrepit Sage,
Arise and disappear.

The stars that graced thy splendid night
Are lost in warmer rays;
The Sun, rejoicing in his might,
Unrolls celestial days.

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Then why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

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SONG.

ROUND Love's Elysian bowers
The fairest prospects rise;
There bloom the sweetest flowers,
There shine the purest skies,
And joy and rapture gild awhile
The cloudless heaven of Beauty's smile.

Round Love's deserted bowers
Tremendous rocks arise;
Cold mildews blight the flowers,
Tornadoes rend the skies:
And Pleasure's waning moon goes down
Amid the night of Beauty's frown.

Then, Youth, thou fond believer!
The wily Siren shun:
Who trusts the dear Deceiver
Will surely be undone.
When Beauty triumphs, ah! beware:
Her smile is hope—her frown despair.

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LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A DRAWING OF YARDLY OAK, CELEBRATED BY COWPER.

See Hayley's Life and Letters of W. Cowper, Esq.

This sole survivor of a race
Of giant oaks, where once the wood
Rang with the battle or the chase,
In stern and lonely grandeur stood.

From age to age, it slowly spread
Its gradual boughs to sun and wind;
From age to age, its noble head
As slowly wither'd and declined.

A thousand years are like a day,
When fled;—no longer known than seen;
This tree was doom'd to pass away,
And be as if it *ne'er* had been;—

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But mournful Cowper, wandering nigh,
For rest beneath its shadow came,
When, lo! the voice of days gone by
Ascended from its hollow frame.

O that the Poet had reveal'd
The words of those prophetic strains,
Ere Death the eternal mystery seal'd!
—Yet in his song the Oak remains.

And fresh in undecaying prime,
There may it live, beyond the power
Of storm and earthquake, Man and Time,
Till Nature's conflagration-hour.

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SONG

WRITTEN FOR A SOCIETY, WHOSE MOTTO WAS "FRIENDSHIP, LOVE, AND TRUTH."

When "Friendship, Love, and Truth" abound
Among a band of Brothers,
The cup of joy goes gaily round,
Each shares the bliss of others:
Sweet roses grace the thorny way
Along this vale of sorrow;
The flowers that shed their leaves to-day
Shall bloom again to-morrow:
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth!"

On halcyon wings our moments pass,
Life's cruel cares beguiling;
Old Time lays down his scythe and glass
In gay good-humor smiling;
With ermine beard and forelock grey
His reverend front adorning,

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He looks like Winter turn'd to May,
Night soften'd into Morning.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth.

From these delightful fountains flow
Ambrosial rills of pleasure:
Can man desire, can Heaven bestow,
A more resplendent treasure?
Adorn'd with gems so richly bright,
We'll form a Constellation,
Where every Star, with modest light,
Shall gild his proper station.
How grand in age, how fair in youth,
Are holy "Friendship, Love, and Truth."

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RELIGION.

AN OCCASIONAL HYMN.

THROUGH shades and solitudes profound
The fainting traveller winds his way.
Bewildering meteors glare around,
And tempt his wandering feet astray.

Welcome, thrice welcome, to his eye,
The sudden moon's inspiring light,
When forth she sallies through the sky,
The guardian angel of the night.

Thus mortals, blind and weak, below,
Pursue the phantom Bliss, in vain,
The world's a wilderness of woe,
And life a pilgrimage of pain,—

Till mild RELIGION, from above,
Descends, a sweet engaging form—
The messenger of heavenly love,
The bow of promise in a storm.

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Then guilty passions wing their flight,
Sorrow, remorse, affliction cease;
RELIGION'S yoke is soft and light,
And all her paths are paths of peace.

Ambition, pride, revenge depart,
And folly flies her chastening rod;
She makes the humble contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

At her approach, the Grave appears
The Gate of Paradise restored;
Her voice the watching Cherub hears,
And drops his double-flaming sword.

Baptized with her renewing fire,
May we the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the Host of Heaven expire
And reign with God, for ever reign!

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"THE JOY OF GRIEF."

OSSIAN.

SWEET the hour of tribulation,
When the heart can freely sigh;
And the tear of resignation
Twinkles in the mournful eye.

Have you felt a kind emotion
Tremble through your troubled breast;
Soft as evening o'er the ocean,
When she charms the waves to rest;

Have you lost a friend, or brother?
Heard a father's parting breath?
Gazed upon a lifeless mother,
Till she seem'd to wake from death?

Have you felt a spouse expiring
In your arms, before your view?
Watch'd the lovely soul retiring
From her eyes that broke on you?

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Did not grief then grow romantic,
Raving on remember'd bliss?
Did you not, with fervor frantic,
Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

Yes! but, when you had resign'd her,
Life and you were reconciled;
ANNA left—she left behind her,
One, one dear, one only child.

But before the green moss peeping,
His poor mother's grave array'd,
In that grave the infant sleeping
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then, your heart congealing,
Chill'd you with intense despair:
Can you call to mind the feeling?—
No! there was no feeling there.

From that gloomy trance of sorrow
When you woke to pangs unknown,
How unwelcome was the morrow,
For it rose on you ALONE.

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,
Can the poor heart always ache?
No! the tortured nerve will languish,
Or the strings of life must break.

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O'er the yielding brow of Sadness
One faint smile of comfort stole;
One soft pang of tender gladness
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd;
'T is a solemn feast of feeling,
'T is the sabbath of the mind.

Pensive memory then retraces
Scenes of bliss for ever fled,
Lives in former times and places,
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,
From their tombs the sainted numbers
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,
Heard a dear, dead father speak;
Proved the fondness of a mother,
Felt her tears upon your cheek.

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,
You have clasp'd a consort's charms
And received your infant smiling
From his mother's sacred arms.

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Trembling, pale, and agonizing,
While you mourn'd the vision gone,
Bright the morning-star arising
Open'd heaven, from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending,
Rose in ecstacy sublime,
Thither all your hopes ascending
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruised, and broken,
Have you known such sweet relief?
Yes, my friend; and by this token,
You have felt "THE JOY OF GRIEF."

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THE PILLOW.

THE head that oft this Pillow press'd,
That aching head, is gone to rest;
Its little pleasures now no more,
And all its mighty sorrows o'er,
For ever, in the worm's dark bed,
For ever sleeps that humble head!

My Friend was young, the world was new;
The world was false, my friend was true;
Lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
His fortune hard, my friend was poor;
To wisdom he had no pretence,
A child of suffering, not of sense;
For Nature never did impart
A weaker or a warmer heart.
His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
Consumed its frail terrestrial frame;
That fire from Heaven so fiercely burn'd,
That whence it came it soon return'd:
And yet, O Pillow! yet to me,
My gentle Friend survives in thee;

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In thee, the partner of his bed,
In thee, the widow of the dead.

On Helicon's inspiring brink,
Ere yet my Friend had learn'd to think,
Once as he pass'd the careless day
Among the whispering reeds at play,
The Muse of Sorrow wander'd by;
Her pensive beauty fix'd his eye;
With sweet astonishment he smiled;
The Gipsy saw—she stole the child;
And soft on her ambrosial breast
Sang the delighted babe to rest;
Convey'd him to her inmost grove,
And loved him with a Mother's love.
Awaking from his rosy nap,
And gaily sporting on her lap,
His wanton finger's o'er her lyre
Twinkled like electric fire:
Quick and quicker as they flew,
Sweet and sweeter tones they drew;
Now a bolder hand he flings,
And dives among the deepest strings;
Then forth the music brake like thunder;
Back he started, wild with wonder.
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
And clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah! then no more his smiling hours
Were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers;

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The fall from Infant-innocence,
The fall to knowledge drives us thence.
O Knowledge! worthless as the price,
Bought with the loss of Paradise.
As happy ignorance declined,
And reason rose upon his mind,
Romantic hopes and fond desires
(Sparks of the soul's immortal fires)
Kindled within his breast the rage
To breathe through every future age,
To clasp the flitting shade of fame,
To build an everlasting name,
O'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
And live beyond the life of man.

Then Nature's charms his heart possess'd,
And Nature's glory fill'd his breast:
The sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
Meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
Maturer Autumn's evening mild,
And hoary Winter's midnight wild,
Awoke his eye, inspired his tongue;
For every scene he loved, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and simple truth,
Till Boyhood blossom'd into Youth;
Then nobler themes his fancy fired,
To bolder flights his soul aspired;
And as the new moon's opening eye
Broadens and brightens through the sky,

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From the dim streak of western light
To the full orb that rules the night;
Thus, gathering lustre in its race,
And shining through unbounded space,
From earth to heaven his Genius soar'd,
Time and eternity explored,
And hail'd where'er its footsteps trod,
In Nature's temple, Nature's God;
Or pierced the human breast, to scan
The hidden majesty of Man;
Man's hidden weakness too descried,
His glory, grandeur, meanness, pride:
Pursued along their erring course
The streams of passion to their source:
Or in the mind's creation sought
New stars of fancy, worlds of thought.
—Yet still through all his strains would flow
A tone of uncomplaining woe,
Kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
Soft as the slumbering Infant's sigh,
So sweetly, exquisitely wild,
It spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.

O Pillow! then, when light withdrew,
To thee the fond enthusiast flew;
On thee, in pensive mood reclined,
He pour'd his contemplative mind,
Till o'er his eyes with mild control
Sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
Charm'd into life his airy schemes,
And realized his waking dreams.

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Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
The fairy spell of fancy broke;
In vain he breathed a soul of fire
Through every chord that strung his lyre.
No friendly echo cheer'd his tongue;
Amidst the wilderness he sung;
Louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
Whose dissonance his music drown'd;
The public ear, the public voice,
Despised his song, denied his choice,
Denied a name,—a life in death,
Denied—a bubble and a breath.

Stript of his fondest, dearest claim,
And disinherited of fame,
To thee, O Pillow! thee alone,
He made his silent anguish known;
His haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
That laid his high ambition low;
But, ah! his looks assumed in vain
A cold ineffable disdain,
While deep he cherish'd in his breast
The scorpion that consumed his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow! only told to thee:
Say, did not hopeless love intrude
On his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclined,
In dreams the cruel Fair was kind.

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That more intensely he might know
The bitterness of waking woe.

Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
To thee in midnight groans reveal'd,
They stung remembrance to despair;
"A wounded spirit who can bear?"
Meanwhile Disease, with slow decay,
Moulder'd his feeble frame away;
And as his evening sun declined,
The shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.
What doubts and terrors then possess'd
The dark dominion of his breast!
How did delirous fancy dwell
On Madness, Suicide, and Hell!
There was on earth no Power to save
—But, as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
He saw from realms of light descend
The friend of him who has no friend,
Religion!—Her almighty breath
Rebuked the winds and waves of death;
She bade the storm of frenzy cease,
And smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace:
Amidst that calm of sweet repose,
To Heaven his gentle Spirit rose.

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VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE JOSEPH BROWNE, OF LOTHERSDALE, ONE OF THE PEOPLE CALLED QUAKERS, WHO HAD SUFFERED A LONG CONFINEMENT IN THE CASTLE OF YORK, AND LOSS OF ALL HIS WORLDLY PROPERTY, FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

"Spirit, leave thine house of clay;
Lingering Dust, resign thy breath!
Spirit, cast thy chains away;
Dust, be thou dissolved in death!"

Thus thy Guardian Angel spoke,
As he watch'd thy dying bed;
As the bonds of life he broke,
And the ransom'd captive fled.

"Prisoner, long detain'd below;
Prisoner, now with freedom blest
Welcome, from a world of woe,
Welcome to a land of rest!"

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Thus thy Guardian Angel sang,
As he bore thy soul on high,
While with Hallelujahs rang
All the region of the sky.

—Ye that mourn a Father's loss,
Ye that weep a Friend no more,
Call to mind the Christian cross
Which your Friend, your Father bore.

Grief and penury and pain
Still attended on his way.
And Oppression's scourge and chain,
More unmerciful than they.

Yet, while travelling in distress
('T was the eldest curse of sin)
Through the world's waste wilderness,
He had paradise within.

And along that vale of tears,
Which his humble footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the Mourner walk'd with God.

Till his Master, from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the Wanderer home.

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Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
And the steeds that cleft the wind?
Saw ye not his soul aspire,
When his mantle dropp'd behind?

Ye who caught it as it fell,
Bind that mantle round your breast;
So in you his meekness dwell,
So on you his spirit rest!

Yet, rejoicing in his lot,
Still shall Memory love to weep
O'er the venerable spot
Where his dear cold relics sleep.

Grave! the guardian of his dust,
Grave! the treasury of the skies,
Every atom of thy trust
Rests in hope again to rise.

Hark! the judgment-trumpet calls—
"Soul, rebuild thine house of clay:
Immortality thy walls,
And Eternity thy day!"

Digitized by Google

THE THUNDER-STORM.

O FOR Evening's brownest shade!
Where the breezes play by stealth
In the forest-cinctured glade,
Round the hermitage of Health:
While the noon-bright mountains blaze
In the sun's tormenting rays.

O'er the sick and sultry plains,
Through the dim delirious air,
Agonizing silence reigns,
And the wanness of despair:
Nature faints with fervent heat,
Ah! her pulse hath ceased to beat.

Now, in deep and dreadful gloom,
Clouds on clouds portentous spread,
Black as if the day of doom
Hung o'er Nature's shrinking head

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Lo! the lightning breaks from high,
—God is coming!—God is nigh!

Hear ye not his chariot-wheels,
As the mighty thunder rolls?
Nature, startled Nature reels,
From the centre to the poles;
Tremble!—Ocean, Earth, and Sky,
Tremble!—God is passing by!

Darkness, wild with horror, forms
His mysterious hiding-place;
Should He, from his ark of storms,
Rend the veil, and show his face,
At the judgment of his eye,
All the universe would die.

Brighter, broader lightnings flash,
Hail and rain tempestuous fall;
Louder, deeper thunders crash,
Desolation threatens all;
Struggling Nature gasps for breath
In the agony of death.

God of Vengeance, from above,
While thine awful bolts are hurl'd,
O remember thou art Love!
Spare! O spare a guilty world!
Stay Thy flaming wrath awhile,
See Thy bow of promise smile.

Digitized by Google

Welcome in the eastern cloud,
Messenger of Mercy still;
Now, ye winds, proclaim aloud,
"Peace on Earth, to Man good-will."
Nature! God's repenting Child,
See thy Parent reconciled.

Hark! the nightingale, afar,
Sweetly sings the sun to rest,
And awakes the evening-star
In the rosy-tinted west:
While the moon's enchanting eye
Opens Paradise on high.

Cool and tranquil is the night,
Nature's sore afflictions cease,
For the storm, that spent its might,
Was a covenant of peace;
Vengeance drops her harmless rod:
Mercy is the POWER OF GOD.

Digitized by Google

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart:
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
—I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand,—it shrunk,—but no;
I would not let my captive go

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

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But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon,
Should vanish in so dark a noon.

The angel of Affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood.—and all his wrath defied;
I stood.—though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of Youth and Pleasure smiled.

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'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the Spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes:
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet:—all was gay;
I love a rustic holiday.
I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd—my Hannah was the bride.

——There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal;
——My heart grew cold,—it felt not then:
When shall it cease to feel again?

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A FIELD FLOWER.

On finding one in full bloom, on Christmas, 1803

THERE is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prudent beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine,
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moons and stars their courses run,
Wreathes the whole circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charms,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arms.

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The purple heath and golden broom,
On moory mountains catch the gale,
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed;
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

The lambkin crops its crimson gem,
The wild bee murmurs on its breast,
The blue-fly bends its pensile stem,
Light o'er the sky-lark's nest.

'Tis Flora's page;—in every place,
In every season fresh and fair,
It opens with perennial grace,
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise;
The Rose has but a summer reign,
The Daisy never dies.

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THE COMMON LOT.

ONCE in the flight of ages past,
There lived a Man:—and WHO WAS HE?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone:—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast:
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!
—Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb.—
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him
For these are felt by all.

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He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
O she was fair—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

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THE HARP OF SORROW.

I GAVE my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long,
They will not speak at my command;—
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear, departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
Snapt in their freshness by the blast:

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath,
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of death:—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And, while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles with the strings,
Responsive to the notes of woe.

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Would gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones,
The chords, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet, to soothe the mind
With luxury of grief,
The soul to suffering all resign'd
In sorrow's music feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magic pulses play;

Till all the air around
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet,—yet mournful still

O! snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long;
O! strike it with sublime command,
And be the Poet's life thy song.

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears for ever fled,
Of flowers that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead;—

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Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase;
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sun-set hour of peace;—

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of Youth,
Unchanging as Jevovah's love,
And everlasting as his truth:

Sing, heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untuned so long;
That Harp shall breathe, at thy command
Immortal sweetness through thy song.

Ah! then, this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
A native Eden in my heart.

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THE SWISS COWHERD'S SONG,

IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Imitated from the French.

O, WHEN shall I visit the land of my birth,
The loveliest land on the face of the earth?
When shall I those scenes of affection explore,
Our forests, our fountains,
Our hamlets, our mountains,
With the pride of our mountains the maid I adore?
O, when shall I dance on the daisy-white mead,
In the shade of an elm, to the sound of the reed?

When shall I return to that lowly retreat,
Where all my fond objects of tenderness meet,—
The lambs and the heifers that follow my call,
My father, my mother,
My sister, my brother,
And dear Isabella, the joy of them all?
O, when shall I visit the land of my birth!
—'T is the loveliest land on the face of the earth.

Digitized by Google

THE OAK.

Imitated from the Italian of Metastasio.

The tall Oak, towering to the skies,
The fury of the wind defies,
From age to age, in virtue strong,
Inured to stand, and suffer wrong.

O'erwhelm'd at length upon the plain,
It puts forth wings, and sweeps the main;
The self-same foe undaunted braves,
And fights the wind upon the waves.

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THE DIAL.

THIS shadow on the Dial's face,
That steals from day to day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Moments, and months, and years away
This shadow, which, in every clime,
Since light and motion first began,
Hath held its course sublime—
What is it?—Mortal Man!
It is the scythe of Time:
—A shadow only to the eye;
Yet, in its calm career,
It levels all beneath the sky,
And still, through each succeeding year
Right onward, with resistless power,
Its stroke shall darken every hour,
Till Nature's race be run,
And Time's last shadow shall eclipse the sun

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Nor only o'er the Dial's face,
This silent phantom, day by day,
With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,
Steals moments, months, and years away;
From hoary rock and aged tree,
From proud Palmyra's mouldering walls,
From Teneriffe, towering o'er the sea,
From every blade of grass it falls.
For still, where'er a shadow sweeps,
The scythe of Time destroys,
And man at every footstep weeps
O'er evanescent joys;
Like flow'rets glittering with the dews of morn
Fair for a moment, then for ever shorn.
—Ah! soon, beneath the inevitable blow,
I too shall lie in dust and darkness low.

Then Time, the Conqueror, will suspend
His scythe, a trophy, o'er my tomb,
Whose moving shadow shall portend
Each frail beholder's doom.
O'er the wide earth's illumined space,
Though Time's triumphant flight be shown,
The truest index on its face
Points from the church-yard stone.

Digitized by Google

THE ROSES.

Addressed to a Friend on the Birth of his first Child.

Two Roses on one slender spray,
In sweet communion grew,
Together hail'd the morning ray,
And drank the evening dew;
While, sweetly wreathed in mossy green,
There sprang a little bud between.

Through clouds and sunshine, storms and showers
They open'd into bloom,
Mingling their foliage and their flowers,
Their beauty and perfume;
While, foster'd on its rising stem,
The bud became a purple gem.

But soon their summer splendor pass'd,
They faded in the wind,
Yet were these roses to the last
The loveliest of their kind.

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Whose crimson leaves, in falling round,
Adorn'd and sanctified the ground.

When thus were all their honors shorn,
The bud unfolding rose,
And blush'd and brighten'd, as the morn
From dawn to sun-rise glows,
Till o'er each parent's drooping head,
The daughter's crowning glory spread.

My Friends! in youth's romatic prime,
The golden age of man,
Like these twin roses spend your time.
—Life's little, lessn'ning span;
Then be your breasts as free from cares,
Your hours as innocent as theirs.

And in the infant bud that blows
In your encircling arms,
Mark the dear promise of a rose,
The pledge of future charms,
That o'er your withering hours shall shine,
Fair, and more fair, as you decline;—

Till, planted in that realm of rest
Where Roses never die,
Amidst the gardens of the blest,
Beneath a stormless sky,
You flower afresh, like Aaron's rod,
That blossom'd at the sight of God.

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TO AGNES.

Reply to some Lines, beginning, "Arrest, O time, the fleeting course."

TIME will not check his eager flight,
Though gentle Agnes scold,
For 'tis the Sage's dear delight
To make young ladies old.

Then listen, Agnes, friendship sings;
Seize fast his forelock grey,
And pluck from his careering wings
A feather every day.

Adorn'd with these, defy his rage,
And bid him plow your face,
For every furrow of old age
Shall be a line of grace.

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Start not:—old age is virtue's prime;
Most lovely she appears,
Clad in the spoils of vanquish'd Time,
Down in the vale of years.

Beyond that vale, in boundless bloom,
The eternal mountains rise;
Virtue descends not to the tomb,
Her rest is in the skies.

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AN EPITAPH.

Art thou a man of honest mould,
With fervent heart, and soul sincere?
A husband, father, friend?—Behold,
Thy brother slumbers here.

The sun that wakes yon violet's bloom,
Once cheer'd his eye, now dark in death
The wind that wanders o'er his tomb
Was once his vital breath.

The roving wind shall pass away,
The warming sun forsake the sky;
Thy brother, in that dreadful day,
Shall live and never die.

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THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

SHALL man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year?

There was a time,—that time is past,
When, youth! I bloom'd like thee!
A time will come,—'tis coming fast,
When thou shalt fade like me:—

Like me through varying seasons range,
And past enjoyments mourn;—
The fairest, sweetest spring shall change
To winter in its turn.

In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

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Summer my youth succeeded soon,
My sun ascended high,
And pleasure held the reins till noon,
But grief drove down the sky.

Like autumn, rich in ripening corn,
Came manhood's sober reign;
My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn,
When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age,
The winter of my year;
When shall I fall before his rage,
To rise beyond the sphere?

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo,—never free
Till Nature yields her breath;
Till Time becomes Eternity,
And Man is born in Death.

Digitized by Google

THE GLOW-WORM.

The male of this insect is said to be a fly. which the female caterpillar attracts in the night by the lu ure of her train.

When Evening closes Nature's eye,
The Glow-worm lights her little spark,
To captivate her favorite fly,
And tempt the rover through the dark

Conducted by a sweeter star
Than all that deck the fields above,
He fondly hastens from afar,
To soothe her solitude with love.

Thus in this wilderness of tears,
Amidst the world's perplexing gloom,
The transient torch of Hymen cheers
The pilgrim journeying to the tomb.

Unhappy he whose hopeless eye
Turns to the light of love in vain;
Whose cynosure is in the sky,
He on the dark and lonely main.

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THE CAST-AWAY SHIP.

The subjects of the two following poems were suggested by the loss of the Blenheim, commanded by Sir Thomas Trowbridge, which was separated from the vessels under its convoy, during a storm in the Indian Ocean.—The Admiral's son afterwards made a voyage, without success, in search of his father.—Trowbridge was one of Nelson's captains at the Battle of the Nile, but his ship unfortunately ran aground as he was bearing down on the enemy.

A VESSEL sail'd from Albion's shore,
To utmost India bound,
Its crest a hero's pendant bore,
With broad sea-laurels crown'd
In many a fierce and noble fight,
Though foil'd on that Egyptian night
When Gallia's host was drown'd,
And Nelson, o'er his country's foes,
Like the destroying angel rose.

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A gay and gallant company,
With shouts that rend the air,
For warrior-wreaths upon the sea,
Their joyful brows prepare:
But many a maiden's sigh was sent,
And many a mother's blessing went,
And many a father's prayer,
With that exulting ship to sea,
With that undaunted company.

The deep that, like a cradled child,
In breathing slumber lay,
More warmly blush'd, more sweetly smiled,
As rose the kindling day:
Through ocean's mirror, dark and clear,
Reflected clouds and skies appear
In morning's rich array:
The land is lost, the waters glow.
'Tis heaven above, around, below.

Majestic o'er the sparkling tide,
See the tall vessel sail,
With swelling wings and shadowy pride,
A swan before the gale;
Deep-laden merchants rode behind:
—But, fearful of the fickle wind,
Brittania's cheek grew pale,
When, lessening through the flood of light,
Their leader vanished from her sight.

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Oft had she hail'd its trophied prow,
Victorious from the war,
And banner'd masts, that would not bow,
Though riven with many a scar;
Oft had her oaks their tribute brought,
To rib its flanks, with thunder fraught;
But late her evil star
Had cursed it on its homeward way,
—"The spoiler shall become the prey."

Thus warn'd, Britannia's anxious heart
Throbb'd with prophetic woe,
When she beheld that ship depart,
A fair ill-omen'd show?
So views the mother, through her tears,
The daughter of her hopes and fears,
When hectic beauties glow
On the frail cheek, where sweetly bloom
The roses of an early tomb.

No fears the brave adventurers knew,
Peril and death they spurn'd;
Like full-fledged eagles forth they flew;
Jove's birds, that proudly burn'd,
In battle-hurricanes to wield
His lightnings on the billowy field;
And many a look they turn'd
O'er the blue waste of waves, to spy
A Gallic ensign in the sky.

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But not to crush the vaunting foe,
In combat on the main,
Nor perish by a glorious blow,
In mortal triumph slain,
Was their unutterable fate:
—That story would the Muse relate,
The song might rise in vain;
In ocean's deepest, darkest bed,
The secret slumbers with the dead.

On India's long-expecting strand
Their sails were never furl'd—
Never on known or friendly land
By storms their keel was hurl'd;
Their native soil no more they trod,
They rest beneath no hallow'd sod;
Throughout the living world
This sole memorial of their lot
Remains,—they *were*, and they are *not*.

The spirit of the Cape* pursued
Their long and toilsome way;
At length, in ocean-solitude,
He sprang upon his prey:
'Havoc!' the shipwreck-demon cried,
Loosed all his tempests on the tide,
Gave all his lightnings play;

* The Cape of Good Hope, formerly called the Cape of Storms.—See "*Camoens' Lusiad*, Book V."

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The abyss recoil'd before the blast,
Firm stood the seamen to the last,

Like shooting stars, athwart the gloom
The merchant-sails were sped;
Yet oft, before its midnight doom,
They mark'd the high mast-head
Of that devoted vessel, tost
By winds and floods, now seen, now lost,
While every gun-fire spread
A dimmer flash, a fainter roar:
—At length they saw, they heard no more

There are to whom that ship was dear,
For love and kindred's sake;
When these the voice of Rumor hear,
Their inmost heart shall quake,
Shall doubt, and fear, and wish, and grieve,
Believe, and long to unbelieve,
But never cease to ache:
Still doom'd, in sad suspense, to bear
The Hope that keeps alive Despair.

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THE SEQUEL.

He sought his sire from shore to shore,
  He sought him day by day;
The prow he track'd was seen no more,
  Breasting the ocean-spray:
Yet, as the winds his voyage sped,
He sail'd above his father's head,
  Unconscious where it lay,
Deep, deep beneath the rolling main;
—He sought his sire; he sought in vain

Son of the brave! no longer weep;
  Still with affection true,
Along the wild disastrous deep,
  Thy father's course pursue;
Full in his wake of glory steer,
His spirit prompts thy bold career,
His compass guides thee through;
So, while thy thunders awe the sea,
Britain shall find thy sire in thee.

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TO ANN AND JANE,

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE SMALL VOLUME OF HYMNS FOR INFANT MINDS.

When the shades of night retire
From the morn's advancing beams,
Ere the hills are tipt with fire,
And the radiance lights the streams,
Lo, the lark begins her song,
Early on the wing and long.

Summon'd by the signal notes,
Soon her sisters quit the lawn,
With their wildly warbling throats
Soaring in the dappled dawn;
Brighter, warmer spread the rays,
Louder, sweeter swell their lays.

Nestlings, in their grassy beds,
Hearkening to the joyful sound,
Heavenward point their little heads,
Lowly twittering from the ground.

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Ere their wings are fledged to fly,
To the chorus in the sky.

Thus, fair Minstrels, while ye sing,
Teaching infant minds to raise
To the universal King
Humble hymns of prayer and praise,
O may all who hear your voice
Look, and listen, and rejoice!

Faltering like the skylark's young,
While your numbers they record,
Soon may every heart and tongue
Learn to magnify the Lord;
And your strains, divinely sweet,
Unborn millions thus repeat.

Minstrels! what reward is due
For this labor of your love?
—Through eternity may You,
In the Paradise above,
Round the dear Redeemer's feet,
All your infant readers meet.

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A DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1811.

THIS the day to me most dear
In the changes of the year;
Spring, the fields and woods adorning,
Spring may boast a gayer morning;
Summer noon, with brighter beams,
Gild the mountains and the streams;
Autumn, through the twilight vale,
Breathe a more delicious gale:
Yet though stern November reigns,
Wild and wintry o'er the plains,
Never does the morning rise
Half so welcome to mine eyes;
Noontide glories never shed
Rays so beauteous round my head;
Never looks the evening-scene
So enchantingly serene
As on this returning day,
When, in spirit rapt away,

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Joys and sorrows I have known,
In the years for ever flown,
Wake at every sound and sight.
Reminiscence of delight,
All around me, all above,
Witnessing a Mother's love.

Love, that watch'd my early years
With conflicting hopes and fears;
Love, that through life's flowery May
Led my childhood, prone to stray;
Love, that still directs my youth
With the constancy of Truth,
Heightens every bliss it shares,
Softens and divides the cares,
Smiles away my light distress,
Weeps for joy, or tenderness:
—May that love, to latest age,
Cheer my earthly pilgrimage;
May that love, o'er death victorious,
Rise beyond the grave more glorious;
Souls, united here, would be
One to all eternity.

When those eyes, from native night,
First unfolded to the light,
On what object, fair and new,
Did they fix their fondest view?
On my Mother's smiling mien;
All the mother there was seen.

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When their weary lids would close,
And she sung me to repose,
Found I not the sweetest rest
On my Mother's peaceful breast?
When my tongue from hers had caught
Sounds to utter infant thought,
Readiest then what accents came?
Those that meant my Mother's name.
When my timid feet begun
Strangely pleased, to stand or run,
'Twas my Mother's voice and eye
Most encouraged me to try,
Safe to run, and strong to stand,
Holding by her gentle hand.

Time since then hath deeper made
Lines, where youthful dimples play'd;
Yet to me my Mother's face
Wears a more angelic grace:
And her tresses thin and hoary,
Are they not a crown of glory?
—Cruel griefs have wrung that breast
Once my Paradise of rest;
While in these I bear a part,
Warmer grows my Mother's heart,
Closer our affections twine,
Mine with hers, and hers with mine.
—Many a name, since hers I knew,
Have I loved with honor due,

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But no name shall be more dear
Than my Mother's to mine ear.
—Many a hand that Friendship plighted
Have I clasp'd, with all delighted,
But more faithful none can be
Than my Mother's hand to me.

Thus by every tie endear'd,
Thus with filial reverence fear'd,
Mother! on this day, 'tis meet
That, with salutation sweet,
I should wish you years of health,
Worldly happiness and wealth,
And when good old age is past,
Heaven's eternal peace at last!
But with these I frame a vow
For a double blessing now;
One, that richly shall combine
Your felicity with mine;
One, in which, with soul and voice,
Both together may rejoice;
O what *shall* that blessing be?
—Dearest Mother! may you see
All *your* prayers fulfill'd *for me!*

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STANZAS,

ON READING THR VERSES ENTITLED "RESIGNA TION," WRITTEN BY CHATTERTON, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS MELANCHOLY END.

A DYING swan of Pindus sings
In wildly-mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale:

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

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The Bard, to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings, 'midst the tempest of his mind,
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel! who can hear thy songs
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to Genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes;—till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight.

Digitized by Google

THE WILD ROSE.

ON PAUCKING ONE LATE IN THE MONTH OF OCTOBER.

THOU last pale promise of the waning year,
Poor sickly Rose! what dost thou here?
Why, frail flower! so late a comer,
Hast thou slept away the summer?
Since now, in Autumn's sullen reign,
When ev'ry breeze
Unrobes the trees,
And strews their annual garments on the plain;
Awaking from repose,
Thy fairy lids unclose.

Feeble, evanescent flower,
Smile away thy sunless hour;
Every daisy, in my walk,
Scorns thee from its humbler stalk;
Nothing but thy form discloses
Thy descent from royal roses;

Digitized by Google

How thine ancestors would blush
To behold thee on their bush,
Drooping thy dejected head
Where their bolder blossoms spread,
Withering in the frosty gale,
Where their fragrance fill'd the vale!

Last and meanest of thy race,
Void of beauty, color, grace!
No bee delighted sips
Ambrosia from thy lips;
No spangling dew-drops gem
Thy fine elastic stem;
No living lustre glistens o'er thy bloom,
Thy sprigs no verdant leaves adorn,
Thy bosom breathes no exquisite perfume,
But pale thy countenance as snow,
While, unconceal'd below,
All naked glares the threatening thorn.
Around thy bell, o'er mildew'd leaves,
His ample web a spider weaves;
A wily ruffian, gaunt and grim,
His labyrinthine toils he spreads
Pensile and light;—his glossy threads
Bestrew'd with many a wing and limb;
Even in thy chalice he prepares
His deadly poison and delusive snares.

While I pause, a vagrant fly
Giddily comes buzzing by;

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Round and round, on viewless wings
Lo! the insect wheels and sings;
Closely couch'd, the fiend discovers,
Sets him with his sevenfold eyes,
And while o'er the verge he hovers,
Seems to fascinate his prize,
As the snake's magnetic glare
Charms the flitting tribes of air.
Till the dire enchantment draws
Destined victims to his jaws.

Now 'midst kindred corses mangled,
On his feet alights the fly;
Ah! he feels himself entangled,
Hark! he pours a piteous cry.
Swift as Death's own arrows dart,
On his prey the spider springs,
Wounds his side,—with dexterous art
Winds the web about his wings;
Quick as he came, recoiling then
The villain vanishes into his den.
The desperate fly perceives too late
The hastening crisis of his fate;
Disaster crowds upon disaster,
And every struggle to get free
Snaps the hopes of liberty,
And draws the knots of bondage faster.

Again the spider glides along the line;
Hold, murderer! hold;—the game is mine.

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—Captive! unwarn'd by danger, go,
Frolic awhile in light and air;
Thy fate 'tis easy to foreshow,
Preserved—to perish in a safer snare!
Spider, thy worthless life I spare;
Advice on thee 'twere vain to spend.
Thy wicked ways thou wilt not mend,—
Then haste thee, spoiler, mend thy net:
Wiser than I
Must be yon fly,
If he escapes thy trammels yet;
Most eagerly the trap is sought
In which a fool has once been caught.

And thou, poor Rose! whose livid leaves expand,
Cold to the sun, untempting to the hand,
Bloom unadmired,—uninjured die;
Thine aspect, squalid and forlorn,
Insures thy peaceful, dull decay;
Hadst thou with blushes hid thy thorn,
Grown "sweet to sense and lovely to the eye,"
I might have pluck'd thy flower,
Worn it an hour,
"Then cast it like a loathsome weed away."*

* Otway's *Orphan.*

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SONNET.

TO A BRIDE.

Imitated from the Italian of P. Salandri.

THE more divinely beautiful thou art,
Lady! of Love's inconstancy beware;
Watch o'er thy charms, and with an angel's care
O guard thy maiden purity of heart:
At every whisper of temptation, start;
The lightest breathings of unhallow'd air
Love's tender, trembling lustre will impair,
Till all the light of innocence depart.

Fresh from the bosom of an Alpine hill,
When the coy fountain sparkles into day,
And sunbeams bathe and brighten in its rill,
If here a plant and there a flower, in play,
Bending to sip, the little channel fill,
It ebbs, and languishes, and dies away.

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SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Petrarch.

LONELY and thoughtful o'er deserted plains,
I pass with melancholy steps and slow,
Mine eyes intent to shun, where'er I go,
The track of man:—from him to hide my pains,
No refuge save the wilderness remains:
The curious multitude would quickly know,
Amidst affected smiles, the cherish'd woe
That wrings my bosom, and consumes my veins.

O that the rocks and streams of solitude,
The vales and woods alone, my griefs might see!
But paths, however secret, wild and rude,
I find not from tormenting passion free;
Where'er I wander, still by Love pursued,
With Him I hold communion, He with Me.

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SONNET.

ON THE SIEGE OF GENOA BY THE FRENCH ARMY IN 16**.

Imitated from the Italian of Gaetana Passerini.

LIBERTY SPEAKS.

"My native Genoa! if with tearless eye,
Prone in the dust thy beauteous form I see,
Think not thy daughter's heart is dead to thee;
'Twere treason, O, my mother! here to sigh,
For here, majestic, though in ashes, lie
Trophies of valor, skill, and constancy;
Here at each glance, each footstep, I descry
The proud memorials of thy love to me.

"Conquest to noble suffering lost the day,
And glorious was thy vengeance on the foe,
—He saw thee perish, yet not feel the blow."
Thus Liberty, exulting on her way,
Kiss'd the dear relics, mouldering as they lay,
And cried:—"In ruins? *Yes!*—In slavery? *No.*'

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SONNET.

ON THE SIEGE OF FAMAGUSTA, IN THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS, BY THE TURKS, IN 1571.

Imitated from the Italian of Benedetto dall' Uva.

THUS saith the Lord:—In whom shall Cyprus trust,
With all her crimes, her luxury, and pride?
In her voluptuous loves will she confide,
Her harlot-daughters, and her queen of lust?
My day is come when o'er her neck in dust
Vengeance and fury shall triumphant ride,
Death and captivity the spoil divide,
And Cyprus perish:—I the Lord am just.

"Then he that bought, and he that sold in thee,
Thy princely merchants, shall their loss deplore,
Brothers in ruin as in fraud before;
And thou, who madest thy rampart of the sea,
Less by thy foes cast down than crush'd by Me!
Thou, Famagusta! fall, and rise no more."

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A MOTHER'S LOVE.

A MOTHER'S Love,—how sweet the name
What *is* a Mother's love?
—A noble, pure, and tender flame,
Enkindled from above,
To bless a heart of earthly mould;
The warmest love that *can* grow cold;
This is a Mother's Love.

To bring a helpless babe to light,
Then, while it lies forlorn,
To gaze upon that dearest sight,
And feel herself new-born,
In its existence lose her own,
And live and breathe in it alone;
This is a Mother's Love.

Its weakness in her arms to bear;
To cherish on her breast,
Feed it from Love's own fountain there,
And lull it there to rest;
Then while it slumbers watch its breath,
As if to guard from instant death;
This is a Mother's Love.

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To mark its growth from day to day,
  Its opening charms admire,
Catch from its eye the earliest ray
  Of intellectual fire;
To smile and listen while it talks,
And lend a finger when it walks;
  This is a Mother's Love.

And can a Mother's love grow cold?
  Can she forget her boy?
His pleading innocence behold,
  Nor weep for grief—for joy?
A Mother may forget her child,
While wolves devour it on the wild;
  —Is *this* a Mother's Love?

Ten thousand voices answer "No!"
  Ye clasp your babes and kiss;
Your bosoms yearn, your eyes o'erflow,
  Yet, ah! remember this;
The infant, rear'd alone for earth,
May live, may die,—to curse his birth;
  —Is *this* a Mother's Love?

A parent's heart may prove a snare;
  The child she loves so well,
Her hand may lead, with gentlest care,
  Down the smooth road to hell;
Nourish its frame,—destroy its mind:
Thus do the blind mislead the blind,
  Even with a Mother's Love.

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Blest infant! whom his mother taught
  Early to seek the Lord,
And pour'd upon his dawning thought
  The day-spring of the word;
This was the lesson to her son,
—Time is eternity begun:
  Behold that Mother's love.*

Blest Mother! who, in wisdom's path,
  By her own parent trod,
Thus taught her son to flee the wrath,
  And know the fear of God:
Ah! youth, like him enjoy your prime,
Begin Eternity in time,
  Taught by that Mother's Love.

That Mother's Love!—how sweet the name!
  What *was* that Mother's Love?
—The noblest, purest, tenderest flame,
  That kindles from above
Within a heart of earthly mould,
As much of heaven as heart can hold,
Nor through eternity grows cold:
  This was that Mother's love.

* 2 Tim c. i, v. 5, and c. iii, v. 14, 15.

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THE TIME-PIECE.

Who is *He*, so swiftly flying,
His career no eye can see?
Who are *They*, so early dying,
From their birth they cease to be?
Time:—behold his pictured face!
Moments:—can you count their race?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling,
Here he feigns unconscious sleep,
Round and round this circle trembling,
Day and night his symbols creep,
While unseen, through earth and sky,
His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark! what petty pulses, beating,
Spring new moments into light;
Every pulse, its stroke repeating,
Sends its moment back to night;
Yet not one of all the train
Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

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In the highest realms of glory,
Spirits trace, before the throne,
On eternal scrolls, the story
Of each little moment flown;
Every deed, and word, and thought,
Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute
Thus to mortal sight unroll'd,
More of sin and sorrow in it,
More of man, might we behold,
Than on History's broadest page
In the relics of an age.

Who could bear the revelation?
Who abide the sudden test?
—With instinctive consternation
Hands would cover every breast,
Loudest tongues at once be hush'd,
Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring,
On his neighbor's shame durst look?
Would not each, intensely poring
On that record in the book,
Which his inmost soul reveal'd,
Wish its leaves for ever seal'd?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages,
Till,—the earth's last circuit run,

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Empire changed through all its stages,
Risen and set the latest sun,—
On the sea and on the land
Shall a midnight Angel stand:

Stand—and, while the abysses tremble,
Swear that time shall be no more:
Quick and Dead shall then assemble,
Men and Demons range before
That tremendous judgment-seat,
Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions,
Days, Months, Years, since Nature's birth,
Shall revive,—and from all regions
Singling out the sons of earth,
With their glory or disgrace,
Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being
Then shall pass before mine eyes:
—God, all-searching! God, all-seeing!
Oh! appease them, ere they rise;
Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee:
God be merciful to me!

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THE CLIMBING BOY'S SOLILOQUIES.

The three following Pieces were first published in *The Climbing Boy's Album*, 1824.

I.

THE COMPLAINT.

Who loves the climbing-boy?—who cares
  If well or ill I be?
Is there a living soul that shares
  A thought or wish with me?

I've had no parents since my birth,
  Brothers and sisters none;
Ah! what to me is all this earth,
  Where I am only one?

I wake and see the morning shine,
  And all around me gay;
But nothing I behold is mine,
  No, not the light of day:—

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No! not the very breath I draw;
These limbs are not my own;
A master calls me his by law:
My griefs are mine alone:

Ah! these they could not make him feel—
Would they themselves had felt!
Who bound me to that man of steel,
Whom mercy cannot melt.

Yet not for wealth or ease I sigh,
All are not rich and great;
Many may be as poor as I,
But none so desolate.

For all I know have kin and kind,
Some home, some hope, some joy;
But these I must not look to find—
Who knows the climbing boy?

The world has not a place of rest
For outcast so forlorn;
'T was all bespoken, all possest,
Long before I was born.

Affection, too, life's sweetest cup,
Goes round from hand to hand;
But I am never ask'd to sup—
Out of the ring I stand

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If kindness beats within my heart,
What heart will beat again?
I coax the dogs, they snarl and start;
Brutes aré as bad as men.

The beggar's child may rise above
The misery of his lot;
The gipsy may be loved, and love;
But I—but I must not.

Hard fare, cold lodgings, cruel toil,
Youth, health, and strength, consume:
What tree could thrive in such a soil?
What flower so scathed could bloom?

Should I outgrow this crippling work,
How shall my bread be sought?
Must I to other lads turn Turk,
And teach what I am taught?

O, might I roam with flocks and herds
In fellowship along!
O, were I one among the birds,
All wing, and life, and song!

Free with the fishes might I dwell
Down in the quiet sea!
The snail in his cob-castle shell—
The snail's a king to me!

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For out he glides in April showers,
  Lies snug when storms prevail;
He feeds on fruit, he sleeps on flowers—
  I wish I was a snail.

No, never; do the worst they can,
  I may be happy still;
For I was born to be a man,
  And if I live I will.

II.

THE DREAM.

I DREAMT; but what care I for dreams?
  And yet I tremble too:
It look'd so like the truth, it seems
  As if it would come true.

I dreamt that, long ere peep of day,
  I left my cold straw bed,
And o'er a common far away,
  As if I flew, I fled.

The tempest hurried me behind,
  Like a mill-stream along;
I could have lean'd against the wind,
  It was so deadly strong.

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The snow—I never saw such snow—
  Raged like the sea all round,
Tossing and tumbling to and fro;
  I thought I must be drown'd.

Now up, now down, with main and might
  I plunged through drift and stour;
Nothing, no, nothing balk'd my flight.
  I had a giant's power.

Till suddenly the storm stood still,
  Flat lay the snow beneath;
I curdled to an icicle,
  I could not stir—not breathe.

My master found me rooted there;
  He flogg'd me back to sense,
Then pluck'd me up, and by the hair,
  Sheer over ditch and fence,

He dragg'd, and dragg'd me on,
  For many and many a mile:
At a grand house he stopp'd anon—
  It was a famous pile.

Up to the moon it seem'd to rise,
  Broad as the earth to stand;
The building darken'd half the skies,
  Its shadow half the land.

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All round was still—as still as death:
I, shivering, chattering, stood;
And felt the coming, going breath,
The tingling, freezing blood.

Soon, at my master's rap, rap, rap,
The door wide open flew:
In went we;—with a thunder-clap
Again the door bang'd to.

I trembled, as I've felt a bird
Tremble within my fist;
For none I saw, and none I heard,
But all was lone and whist.

The moonshine through the windows show'd
Long stripes of light and gloom;
The carpet with all colors glow'd,—
Some men stood round the room:

Fair pictures in their golden frames,
And looking-glasses bright;
Fine things, I cannot tell their names,
Dazed and bewitch'd me quite.

Master soon thwack'd them out my head—
The chimney must be swept!
Yet in the grate the coals were red:
I stamp'd, and scream'd, and wept.

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I kneel'd, I kiss'd his feet, I pray'd;
For then—which shows I dreamt—
Methought I ne'er before had made
The terrible attempt:

But, as a butcher lifts the lamb
That struggles for its life
(Far from the ramping, bleating dam)
Beneath his desperate knife,

With his two iron hands he grasp'd
And hoisted me aloof;
His naked neck in vain I clasp'd,
The man was pity-proof.

So forth he swung me through the space
Above the smouldering fire;
I never can forget his face,
Nor his gruff growl, "Go higher!"

As if I climb'd a steep house-side,
Or scaled a dark draw-well,
The horrid opening was so wide,
I had no hold—I fell:

Fell on the embers, all my length,
But scarcely felt their heat,
When, with a madman's rage and strength,
I started on my feet.

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And, ere I well knew what I did,
Had clear'd the broader vent;
From his wild vengeance to be hid,
I cared not where I went.

The passage narrow'd as I drew
Limb after limb by force,
Working and worming, like a screw,
My hard, slow, up-hill course.

Rougher than harrow-teeth within,
Sharp lime and jagged stone
Stripp'd my few garments, gored the skin,
And grided to the bone.

Gall'd, wounded, bleeding, ill at ease,
Still I was stout at heart;
Head, shoulders, elbows, hands, feet, knees,
All play'd a stirring part.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd in vain—
No light at top appear'd;
No end to darkness, toil, and pain,
While worse and worse I fear'd.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and had to climb
Yet more and more astray;
A hundred years I thought the time,
A thousand miles the way.

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Strength left me, and breath fail'd at last,—
  Then had I headlong dropp'd,
But the strait funnel wedged me fast;
  So there dead-lock'd I stopp'd.

I groan'd, I gasp'd, to shriek I tried,
  No sound came from my breast;
There was a weight on every side,
  As if a stone-delf press'd,

Yet still my brain kept beating on
  Through night-mares of all shapes,
Foul fiends, no sooner come than gone,
  Dragons, and wolves, and apes.

They gnash'd on me with bloody jaws,
  Chatter'd, and howl'd, and hiss'd;
They clutch'd me with their cat-like claws
  While off they whirl'd in mist.

Till, like a lamp-flame, blown away,
  My soul went out in gloom;
Thought ceased, and dead-alive I lay,
  Shut up in that black tomb.

O sweetly on the mother's lap
  Her pretty baby lies,
And breathes so freely in his nap
  She can't take off her eyes

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Ah! thinks she then—ah, thinks she not!
How soon the time may be,
When all her love will be forgot,
And he a wretch like me?

She in her grave at rest may lie,
And daisies speck the sod,
Nor see him bleed, nor hear him cry
Beneath a ruffian's rod.

No mother's lap was *then* my bed,
O'er me no mother smiled;
No mother's arm went round my head,
—Am I no mother's child?

Life, on a sudden, ran me through!
Light, light, all round me blazed.
Red flames rush'd roaring up the flue—
Flames by my master raised.

I heard his voice, and tenfold might
Bolted through every limb;
I saw his face, and shot upright;
Brick walls made way from him.

Swift as the squirrel seeks the bough
Where he may turn and look
Down on the schoolboy, chap-fallen now,
My ready flight I took.

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The fire was quickly quench'd beneath,
Blue light above me glanced;
And air, sweet air, I 'gan to breathe,
The blood within me danced.

I climb'd, and climb'd, and climb'd away,
Till on the top I stood,
And saw the glorious dawn of day
Come down on field and flood.

O me! a moment of such joy
I never knew before;
Right happy was the climbing boy,
One moment—but no more.

Sick, sick, I turn'd,—the world ran round
The stone I stood on broke,
And plumb I toppled to the ground,
—Like a scared owl, I woke.

I woke, but slept again, and dream'd
The self-same things anew:
The storm, the snow, the building, seem'd
All true, as day light's true.

But, when I tumbled from the top,
The world itself had flown;
There was no ground on which to drop,
'Twas emptiness alone.

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On winter nights I've seen a star
  Leap headlong from the sky;
I've watch'd the lightning from afar
  Flash out of heaven, and die.

So—but in darkness—so I fell
  Through nothing to no place,
Until I saw the flames of hell
  Shoot upward to my face.

Down, down, as with a mill-stone weight,
  I plunged right through their smoke:
To cry for mercy 'twas too late—
  They seized me—I awoke:

Woke, slept, and dream'd the like again
  The third time, through and through,
Except the winding up;—ah! then
  I wish it had been true.

For when I climb'd into the air,
  Spring-breezes flapt me round;
Green hills, and dales, and woods were there,
  And May-flowers on the ground.

The moon was waning in the west,
  The clouds were golden red;
The lark, a mile above his nest,
  Was cheering o'er my head.

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The stars had vanish'd, all but one,
The darling of the sky,
That glitter'd like a tiny sun,
No bigger than my eye.

I look'd at this—I thought it smiled,
Which made me feel so glad,
That I became another child,
And not the climbing-lad:

A child as fair as you may see,
Whom soot hath never soil'd;
As rosy-cheek'd as I might be,
If I had not been spoil'd.

Wings, of themselves, about me grew,
And, free as morning-light,
Up to that single star I flew,
So beautiful and bright.

Through the blue heaven I stretch'd my hand
To touch its beams—it broke
Like a sea-bubble on the sand;
Then all fell dark.—I woke.

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III.

EASTER MONDAY AT SHEFFIELD.*

YES, there are some that think of me;
The blessing on their heads! I say;
May all their lives as happy be
As mine has been with them to-day.

When I was sold from Lincolnshire
To this good town, I heard a noise
What merry-making would be here.
At Easter-tide, for climbing-boys.

'Twas strange, because where I had been
The better people cared no more
For such as me, than had they seen
A young crab crawling on their shore

Well, Easter came;—in all the land
Was e'er a 'prentice lad so fine!
A bran-new suit, at second-hand,
Caps, shoes, and stockings, all were mine,

The coat was green, the waistcoat red,
The breeches leather, white and clean;
I thought I must go off my head.
I could have jump'd out of my skin.

* There are some local allusions in this part, sufficiently intelligible on the spot, but not worth explaining here.

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All Sunday through the streets I stroll'd
Fierce as a turkey-cock, to see
How all the people, young and old,
At least I thought so, look'd at me.

At night, upon my truss of straw,
Those gaudy clothes hung round the room,
By moon-glimpse oft their shapes I saw,
Like bits of rainbow in the gloom.

Yet scarce I heeded them at all,
Although I never slept a wink;
The feast, next day, at Cutlers' Hall,
Of *that* I could not help but think.

Wearily trail'd the night away;
Between the watchman and the clock,
I thought it never would be day:—
At length outcrew the earliest cock;

A second answer'd, then a third,
At a long distance—one, two, three:
A dozen more in turn were heard—
I crew among the rest for glee.

Up gat we, I and little Bill,
And donn'd our newest and our best;
Nay, let the proud say what they will,
As grand as fiddlers we were drest.

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We left our litter in the nook,
And wash'd ourselves as white as snow;
On brush and bag we scorn'd to look,
—It was a holiday, you know.

What ail'd me then I could not tell,
I yawn'd the whole forenoon away;
And hearken'd while the vicar's bell
Went ding dong, ding dong, pay, pay, pay!

The clock struck twelve—I love the twelves
Of all the hours 'twixt sun and moon;
For then poor lads enjoy themselves,
—We sleep at midnight, rest at noon.

This noon was not a resting time!
At the first stroke we started all,
And, while the tune rang through the chime,
Muster'd, like soldiers, at the Hall.

Not much like soldiers in our gait;
Yet never soldier, in his life,
Tried, as he march'd, to look more straight
Than Bill and I—to drum und fife.

But now I think on't, what with scars,
Lank bony limbs, and spavin'd feet,
Like broken soldiers from the wars,
We limp'd yet strutted, through the street.

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Then, while our meagre motley crew
Came from all quarters of the town,
Folks to their doors and windows flew;
I thought the world turn'd upside-down.

For now, instead of oaths and jeers,
The sauce that I have found elsewhere,
Kind words, and smiles, and hearty cheers
Met us—with halfpence here and there.

The mothers held their babies high,
To chuckle at our hobbling train,
But clipt them close while we went by;
—I heard their kisses fall like rain—

And wiped my cheek, that never felt
The sweetness of a mother's kiss;
For heart and eyes began to melt,
And I was sad, yet pleased with this.

At Cutlers' Hall we found the crowd
That shout the gentry to *their* feast;
They made us way, and bawl'd so loud,
We might have been young lords at least.

We enter'd, twenty lads and more,
While gentlemen, and ladies too,
All bade us welcome at the door,
And kindly ask'd us—"How d'ye do?"

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"Bravely," I answer'd; but my eye
Prickled, and leak'd, and twinkled still;
I long'd to be alone, to cry,
—To be alone, and cry my fill.

Our other lads were blithe and bold,
And nestling, nodding as they sat,
Till dinner came, their tales they told,
And talk'd of this, and laugh'd at that.

I pluck'd up courage, gaped, and gazed
On the fine room, fine folks, fine things,
Chairs, tables, knives and forks, amazed,
With pots and platters fit for kings.

Roast-beef, plum-pudding, and what not,
Soon smoked before us—such a size!
Giants their dinners might have got;
We open'd all our mouths and eyes.

Anon, upon the board, a stroke
Warn'd each to stand up in his place;
One of our generous friends then spoke
Three or four words—they call'd it *Grace*.

I think he said—"God bless our food!"
—Oft had I heard *that* name, in tones
Which ran like ice, cold through my blood,
And made the flesh creep on my bones.

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But now, and with a power so sweet,
The name of GOD went through my heart,
That my lips trembled to repeat
Those words, and tears were fain to start.

Tears, words, were in a twinkle gone,
Like sparrows whirring through the street.
When, at a sign, we all fell on,
As geese in stubble, to our meat.

The large plum-puddings first were carved,
And well we yonkers plied them o'er;
You would have thought we *had* been starved
Or *were to be*—a month and more.

Next the roast-beef flew reeking round
In glorious slices, mark ye that!
The dishes were with gravy drown'd!
A sight to make a weazel fat.

A great meat-pie, a good meat-pie,
Baked in a cradle length of tin,
Was open'd, emptied, scoop'd so dry,
You might have seen your face within.

The ladies and the gentlemen
Took here and there with us, a seat;
They might be hungry, too—but then
We gave them little time to eat.

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Their arms were busy helping us,
  Like cobblers' elbows at their work,
Or see-saw, see-saw, thus and thus;
  A merry game at knife and fork.

O then the din! the deafening din,
  Of plates, cans, crockery, spoons, and knives,
And waiters running out and in!
  We might be eating for our lives.

Such feasting I had never seen:
  Some presently had got enough;
The rest, like fox-hounds, staunch and keen,
  Were made of more devouring stuff.

They cramm'd, like cormorants, their craws,
  As though they never would have done;
It was a feast to watch their jaws
  Grind, and grow weary, one by one.

But there's an end to everything;
  And this grand dinner pass'd away.
I wonder if great George our king
  Has such a dinner every day.

Grace after meat again was said,
  And my good feelings sprang anew;
But, at the sight of gingerbread,
  Wine, nuts, and oranges, they flew.

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So while we took a turn with these,
Almost forgetting we had dined;
As though we might do what we please,
We loll'd, and joked, and told our mind.

Now I had time, if not before,
To take a peep at every lad;
I counted them to twenty-four,
Each in his Easter finery clad.

All wash'd and clean as clean could be,—
And yet so dingy, marr'd, and grim,
A mole with half an eye might see
Our craft in every look and limb.

All shapes but straight ones you might find,
As sapling-firs on the high moors,
Black, stunted, crook'd, through which the wind,
Like a wild bull, all winter roars.

Two toddling five-years olds were there,
Twins, that had just begun to climb,
With cherry cheeks, and curly hair,
And skins not yet ingrain'd with grime.

I wish'd, I did, that they might die,
Like "Babes i' th' Wood," the little slaves,
And "Robin Red-breast" painfully
Hide them "with leaves," for want of graves;

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Rather than live like me, and weep
To think that ever they were born;
Toil the long day, and from short sleep
Wake to fresh miseries every morn.

Gay as young goldfinches in spring,
They chirp'd and peck'd, top-full of joy,
As if it was some mighty thing
To be a chimney-sweeper's boy.

And so it is, on such a day
As welcome Easter brings us here:
In London, too, the first of May—
But O, what is it all the year!

Close at a Quaker lady's side
Sat a young girl;—I know not how
I felt when me askance she eyed,
And a quick blush flew o'er her brow

For then, just then, I caught a face
Fair—but I oft had seen it black,
And mark'd the owner's tottering pace
Beneath a vile two-bushel sack.

Oh! had I known it was a lass,
Could I have scorn'd her with her load
—Next time we meet, she shall not pass
Without a lift along the road.

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Her mother—mother but in name!
Brought her to-day to dine with us:
Her father—she's his 'prentice:—shame
On both, to use their daughter thus.

Well, *I* shall grow, and *she* will grow
Older—it may be, taller—yet;
And if she'll smile on me, I know
Poor Poll shall be poor Reuben's pet.

Time, on his two unequal legs,
Kept crawling round the church-clock's face
Though none could see him shift his pegs,
Each was for ever changing place.

O, why are pleasant hours so short?
And why are wretched ones so long?
They fly like swallows while we sport,
They stand like mules when all goes wrong

Before we parted, one kind friend,
And then another, talk'd so free;
They went from table-end to end,
And spoke to each, and spoke to me.

Books, pretty books, with pictures in,
Were given to those who learn to read
Which show'd them how to flee from sin
And to be happy boys indeed.

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These climbers go to Sunday schools,
And hear what things to do or shun,
Get good advice, and golden rules
For all their lives—but I'm not one.

Nathless I'll go next Sabbath-day,
Where masters, without thrashing, teach
Lost children how to read and pray,
And sing, and hear the parsons preach.

For I'm this day determined—not
With bad companions to grow old,
But, weal or woe, whate'er my lot,
To mind what our good friends have told.

They told us things I never knew
Of Him who heaven and earth did make,
And my heart felt their words were true;
It burn'd within me while they spake.

Can I forget that God is love,
And sent his Son to dwell on earth?
Or, that our Savior from above,
Lay in a manger at his birth?—

Grew up in humble poverty,
A life of grief and sorrow led?
No home to comfort Him had He;
No, not a place to lay his head.

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Yet He was merciful and kind,
  Heal'd with a touch all sort of harms;
The sick, the lame, the deaf, the blind,
  And took young children in his arms

Then He was kill'd by wicked men,
  And buried in a deep stone cave;
But of Himself He rose again,
  On Easter-Sunday from the grave.

Caught up in clouds—at God's right hand,
  In Heaven He took the highest place;
There dying Stephen saw him stand,
  —Stephen who had an angel's face

He loves the poor—He always did:
  The little ones are still his care:
I'll seek Him—let who will forbid—
  I'll go to him this night in prayer.

O soundly, soundly should I sleep,
  And think no more of sufferings past,
If God would only bless, and keep,
  And make me his—his own, at last.

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"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

GEN. xvi, 13.

O GOD unseen! but not unknown!
Thine eye is ever fix'd on me;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompass'd by thy deity.

Throughout this universe of space
To nothing am I long allied,
For flight of time, and change of place
My strongest, dearest bonds divide.

Parents I had—but where are they?
Friends whom I knew, I know no more:
Companions once that cheer'd my way
Have dropt behind, or gone before.

Now I am one amidst the crowd
Of life and action hurrying round;
Now left alone—for like a cloud
They came—they went, and are not found.

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Even from myself sometimes I part,
—Unconscious sleep is nightly death;
Yet surely by my bed Thou art,
To prompt my pulse, inspire my heart.

Of all that I have done or said,
How little can I now recall!
Forgotten things to me are dead,
With thee they live—Thou know'st them all.

Thou hast been with me from the womb,
Witness to every conflict here;
Nor wilt Thou leave me at the tomb,
Before thy bar I must appear.

The moment comes, the only one
Of all my time to be foretold;
Though when, and where, and how, can none
Of all the race of man unfold.

That moment comes, when strength must fail,
When, health, and hope, and comfort flown,
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone.

Alone with thee;—in that dread strife
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

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Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
  Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveil'd presence stands
  Of thee, my Savior, and my God:

Be mine eternal portion this,
  Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
  And be for evermore with Thee.

Sept. 22, 1828.

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CHRIST CRUCIFIED.

Imitated from the Italian of Gabriele Fiamma, a poet of the Sixteenth Century.

"BEHOLD the man!" Are these the gracious eyes
Whose beams could kindle life among the dead?
Is this the awful and majestic head
Of Him, the Lord, almighty and all-wise?

Are these the hands that stretch'd abroad the skies,
And earth with verdure, heaven with stars o'erspread?
Are these the feet that on the waves would tread,
And calm their rage when wildest storms arise?

Ah me! how wounded, pale, disfigured now!
Those eyes, the joy of Heaven, eclipsed in night;
Torn, bleeding, cold, those hands, these feet, this brow:
I weep for love, grief, transport, at the sight.
"My Lord! my God!" for me, for me didst Thou,
In shame, reproach, and torment, thus delight?

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A RETROSPECT.

I LEFT the God of truth and light,
I left the God who gave me breath,
To wander in the wilds of night,
To perish in the snares of death!

Sweet was his service; and his yoke
Was light and easy to be borne;—
Through all his bonds of love I broke;
I cast away his gifts in scorn.

I danced in folly's giddy maze;
And drank the sea, and chased the wind;—
But falsehood lurk'd in all her ways,
Her laughter left a pang behind.

I dream'd of bliss in pleasure's bowers,
While pillowing roses stay'd my head;
But serpents hiss'd among the flowers,—
I woke, and thorns were all my bed.

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In riches then I sought for joy,
And placed in glittering ore my trust;
But found that gold was all alloy.
And worldly treasure fleeting dust.

I woo'd ambition—climb'd the pole,
And shone among the stars;—but fell
Headlong, in all my pride of soul,
Like Lucifer, from heaven to hell

Now poor, and lost, and trampled down,
Where shall the chief of sinners fly,
Almighty Vengeance, from thy frown?
Eternal Justice, from thine eye?

Lo! through the gloom of guilty fears,
My faith discerns a dawn of grace;
The sun of righteousness appears
In Jesus' reconciling face.

My suffering, slain, and risen Lord!
In deep distress I turn to thee—
I claim acceptance on thy word.
My God! my God! forsake not me!

Prostrate before thy mercy-seat,
I dare not, if I would, despair;
None ever perish'd at thy feet,
And I will be for ever there.

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STANZAS.

A RACE, a race on earth we run;
And hold a prize in view,
More bright than if we chased the sun
Through heaven's eternal blue.

Changes we prove, and vanish soon;
Changes from youth to age,
Silent as those that shape the moon,
In her brief pilgrimage.

Like constellations on their way,
That meet the morning light;
We travel up to higher day
Through shades of deeper night.

Their tasks the heavenly host fulfil;
Ere long to shine their last;—
We, if we do our Father's will,
Shall shine when they are past.

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Knit like the social stars in love,
Fair as the moon, and clear
As yonder sun enthroned above,
Christians through life appear

Sheffield, May 9, 1828

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QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FLOWERS! wherefore do ye bloom?
—We strew thy pathway to the tomb.

Stars! wherefore do ye rise?
—To light thy spirit to the skies.

Fair Moon? why dost thou wane?
—That I may wax again.

O Sun! what makes thy beams so bright?
—The Word, that said "Let there be light."

Planets! what guides you in your course?
—Unseen, unfelt, unfailing force.

Nature! whence sprang thy glorious frame?
—My Maker call'd me, and I came

O Light! thy subtle essence who may know?
—Ask not; for all things but myself I show.

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What is yon arch which everywhere I see?
—The sign of Omnipresent Deity.

Where rests the horizon's all-embracing zone?
—Where earth, God's footstool, touches heaven, his throne.

Ye clouds! what bring ye in your train?
—God's embassies,—storm, lightning, hail, or rain

Winds! whence and whither do ye blow?
—Thou must be born again to know.

Bow in the cloud! what token dost thou bear?
—That Justice still cries "*strike*," and Mercy "*spare*."

Dews of the morning! wherefore were ye given?
—To shine on earth, then rise to heaven.

Rise, glitter, break; yet, Bubble! tell me why?
—To show the course of all beneath the sky.

Stay, Meteor! stay thy falling fire.
No: thus shall all the host of heaven expire.

Ocean! what law thy chainless waves confined?
—That which in Reason's limits holds thy mind.

Time! whither dost thou flee?
—I travel to Eternity.

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Eternity! what art thou?—say.
—Time past, time present, time to come,—*to-day*.

Ye Dead! where can your dwelling be?
—The house for all the living;—come and see.

O Life! what is thy breath?
—A vapor lost in death.

O Death! how ends thy strife?
—In everlasting life,

O Grave! where is thy victory?
—Ask Him who rose again for me.

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YOUTH RENEWED.

Spring-flowers, spring-birds, spring-breezes
Are felt, and heard, and seen;
Light trembling transport seizes
My heart,—with sighs between:
These old enchantments fill the mind
With scenes and seasons far behind;
Childhood, its smiles and tears,
Youth, with its flush of years,
Its morning-clouds and dewy prime,
More exquisitely touch'd by Time.

Fancies again are springing,
Like May-flowers in the vales;
While hopes, long lost, are singing,
From thorns, like nightingales;
And kindly spirits stir my blood,
Like vernal airs, that curl the flood:
There falls to manhood's lot
A joy, which youth has not,

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A dream more beautiful than truth,
—Returning Spring, renewing Youth.

Thus sweetly to surrender
The present for the past;
In sprightly mood, yet tender,
Life's burden down to cast,
—This is to taste, from stage to stage,
Youth on the lees refined by age:
Like wine well kept and long,
Heady, nor harsh, nor strong,
With every annual cup, is quaff'd
A richer, purer, mellower draught.

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THE BRIDAL AND THE BURIAL.

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

I saw thee young and beautiful,
I saw thee rich and gay,
In the first blush of womanhood,
Upon thy wedding-day:
The church-bells rang,
And the little children sang,—
"Flowers, flowers, kiss her feet;
Sweets to the sweet!
The winter's past, the rains are gone.
Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on.

I saw thee poor and desolate,
I saw thee fade away,
In broken-hearted widowhood
Before thy locks were grey:
The death-bell rang,
And the little children sang,—

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"Lilies! dress her winding-sheet;
Sweets to the sweet,
The summer's past, the sunshine gone:
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

"Blessed is the bride whom the sun shines on;
Blessed is the corpse which the rain rains on."

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FRIENDS.

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end;
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living, or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of Time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire

There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown—
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere

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Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,—
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
—They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

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MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY!

On the exploit of Arnold Winkelried at the battle of Sempach, in which the Swiss, fighting for their independence, totally defeated the Austrians, in the fourteenth century.

"MAKE way for liberty!"—he cried;
Make way for liberty, and died!

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood,
A living wall, a human wood!
A wall, where every conscious stone
Seem'd to it's kindred thousands grown;
A rampart all assaults to bear,
Till time to dust their frames should wear;
A wood, like that enchanted grove*
In which with fiends Rinaldo strove,
Where every silent tree possess'd
A spirit prison'd in its breast,
Which the first stroke of coming strife
Would startle into hideous life;
So dense, so still, the Austrians stood,
A living wall, a human wood!

* See *Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered*, canto xviii

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Impregnable their front appears,
All horrent with projected spears,
Whose polish'd points before them shine,
From flank to flank, one brilliant line,
Bright as the breakers' splendors run
Along the billows, to the Sun.

Opposed to these, a hovering band
Contended for their native land:
Peasants, whose new-found strength had broke
From manly necks the ignoble yoke,
And forged their fetters into swords,
On equal terms to fight their lords:
And what insurgent rage had gain'd,
In many a mortal fray maintain'd;
Marshall'd once more at Freedom's call,
They came to conquer or to fall,
Where he who conquer'd, he who fell,
Was deem'd a dead, or living Tell!
Such virtue had that patriot breathed,
So to the soil his soul bequeathed,
That wheresoe'er his arrows flew,
Heroes in his own likeness grew,
And warriors sprang from every sod
Which his awakening footstep trod.

And now the work of life and death
Hung on the passing of a breath;
The fire of conflict burnt within,
The battle trembled to begin:

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Yet, while the Austrians held their ground,
Point for attack was nowhere found.
Where'er the impatient Switzers gazed,
The unbroken line of lances blazed;
That line 'twere suicide to meet,
And perish at their tyrants' feet,—
How could they rest within their graves,
And leave their homes, the homes of slaves?
Would they not feel their children tread
With clanging chains above their head?

It must not be: This day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power;
All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the number she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on *one* indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelried!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face,

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And by the motion of his form
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And by the uplifting of his brow
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done,
The field was in a moment won:—

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp.

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried:
Their keen points met from side to side:
He bow'd amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for Liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly;
"Make way for Liberty!" they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rush'd the spears through Arnold's heart;
While, instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scatter'd all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.

Thus Switzerland again was free:
Thus death made way for liberty!

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A MOTHER'S LAMENT,

ON THE DEATH OF HER INFANT DAUGHTER.

I LOVED thee, Daughter of my heart!
My child I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
—How sweetly! how severely!—
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever.

Thy days, my little one! were few:
An Angel's morning visit,
That came and vanish'd with the dew;
'Twas here, 'tis gone—where is it?
Yet didst thou leave behind thee
A clew for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow,
The hands stretch'd forth in gladness,
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now,—
Then dash'd with infant sadness;

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Till, brightening by transition,
Return'd the fairy vision:—

Where are they now?—those smiles, those
tears,
Thy Mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure,—
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hush'd in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking;
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking:
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them;
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like still-born babes to perish.

Mine perish'd on thy early bier;
No—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious;
Yet would these arms have chain'd thee,
And long from Heaven detain'd thee.

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Sarah! my last, my youngest love,
The crown of every other!
Though thou art born in Heaven above,
I am thine only Mother,
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me.

Then,—thou in Heaven and I on earth,
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall reunite us,
Where worlds no more can sever
Parent and child for ever.

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THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

Well, thou art gone, and I am left:
But oh! how cold and dark to me
This world, of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee!

Though I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hold thee in my inmost heart;
There, there at least, thou canst not die.

Farewell on earth: Heaven claim'd its own;
Yet, when from me thy presence went,
I was exchanged for God alone:
Let dust and ashes learn content.

Ha! those small voices, silver sweet!
Fresh from the fields my babes appear,
They fill my arms, they clasp my feet:
—"Oh! could your father see us here!"

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THE DAISY IN INDIA.

Supposed to be addressed by the Reverend Dr. Carey, the learned and illustrious Baptist Missionary at Serampore, to the first plant of this kind, which sprang up unexpectedly in his garden, out of some English earth, in which other seeds had been conveyed to him from this country. With great care and nursing, the Doctor has been enabled to perpetuate the Daisy in India, as an annual only, raised by seed preserved from season to season.

THRICE welcome, little English flower!
My mother country's white and red,
In rose or lily, till this hour,
Never to me such beauty spread:
Transplanted from thine island-bed,
A treasure in a grain of earth,
Strange as a spirit from the dead,
Thine embryo sprang to birth

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Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Whose tribes, beneath our natal skies,
Shut close their leaves while vapors lower;
But, when the sun's gay beams arise,
With unabash'd but modest eyes,
Follow his motion to the west,
Nor cease to gaze till daylight dies,
Then fold themselves to rest.

Thrice welcome, little English flower,
To this resplendent hemisphere,
Where Flora's giant offspring tower
In gorgeous liveries all the year;
Thou, only thou, art little here,
Like worth unfriended and unknown,
Yet to my British heart more dear
Than all the torrid zone.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
Of early scenes beloved by me,
While happy in my father's bower
Thou shalt the blithe memorial be;
The fairy sports of infancy,
Youth's golden age, and manhood's prime,
Home, country, kindred, friends,—with thee,
I find in this far clime.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
I'll rear thee with a trembling hand:
Oh, for the April sun and shower,
The sweet May-dews of that fair land,

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Where Daises, thick as star-light, stand
In every walk!—that here may shoot
Thy scions, and thy buds expand,
A hundred from one root.

Thrice welcome, little English flower!
To me the pledge of hope unseen;
When sorow would my soul o'erpower
For joys that were, or might have been,
I'll call to mind how, fresh and green,
I saw thee waking from the dust;
Then turn to heaven with brow serene,
And place in God my trust.

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THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

"Ye have done it unto me."—Matt. xxv. 40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Has often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, "Nay:"
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet was there something in his eye,
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered;—not a word he spake;—
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate,—but gave me part again;
Mine was an Angel's portion then,
For while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

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I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;
I had myself a wound conceal'd;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And Peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honor'd him 'midst shame and scorn:

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My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view
The Stranger darted from disguise,
The tokens in his hands I knew,
My Savior stood before mine eyes:
He spake; and my poor name He named;
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed:
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not, thou didst them unto Me.'

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ROBERT BURNS.

WHAT bird in beauty, flight, or song,
Can with the bard compare,
Who sang as sweet, and soar'd as strong
As ever child of air?

His plume, his note, his form, could BURNS,
For whim or pleasure change;
He was not one, but all by turns,
With transmigration strange.

The black-bird oracle of spring,
When flow'd his moral lay;
The swallow, wheeling on the wing,
Capriciously at play:

The Humming-bird, from bloom to bloom,
Inhaling heavenly balm;
The Raven, in the tempest's gloom;
The Halcyon, in the calm:

In "auld Kirk Alloway," the Owl,
At witching time of night;
By "bonnie Doon," the earliest Fowl
That caroll'd to the light.

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He was the Wren amidst the grove,
When in his homely vein;
At Bannockburn the Bird of Jove,
With thunder in his train:

The Wood-lark, in his mournful hours;
The Goldfinch, in his mirth;
The Thrush, a spendthrift of his powers,
Enrapturing heaven and earth;

The Swan, in majesty and grace,
Contemplative and still;
But, roused,—no Falcon in the chase,
Could like his satire kill.

The Linnet in simplicity,
In tenderness the Dove;
But more than all beside was he,
The Nightingale in love.

Oh! had he never stoop'd to shame,
Nor lent a charm to vice,
How had devotion loved to name
That Bird of Paradise!

Peace to the dead!—In Scotia's choir
Of Minstrels great and small,
He sprang from his spontaneous fire,
The Phœnix of them all.

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A THEME FOR A POET.—1814.

THE arrow that shall lay me low,
Was shot from Death's unerring bow
The moment of my breath;
And every footstep I proceed,
It tracks me with increasing speed:
I turn,— it meets me,—Death
Has given such impulse to that dart,
It points for ever at my heart.

And soon of me it must be said,
That I have lived, that I am dead:
Of all I leave behind,
A few may weep a little while,
Then bless my memory with a smile;
What monument of mind
Shall I bequeath to deathless Fame,
That after-times may love my name!

Let Southey sing of war's alarms,
The pride of battle, din of arms,

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The glory and the guilt,—
Of nations barb'rously enslaved,
Of realms by patriot valor saved,
Of blood insanely spilt,
And millions sacrificed to fate,
To make one little mortal great.

Let Scott, in wilder strains, delight
To chaunt the Lady and the Knight,
The tournament, the chase,
The wizard's deed without a name,
Perils by ambush, flood, and flame;
Or picturesquely trace
The hills that form a world on high,
The lake that seems a downward sky

Let Byron with untrembling hand,
Impetuous foot, and fiery brand,
Lit at the flames of hell,
Go down and search the human heart,
Till fiends from every corner start,
Their crimes and plagues to tell;
Then let him fling the torch away,
And sun his soul in heaven's pure day.

Let Wordsworth weave, in mystic rhyme,
Feelings ineffably sublime,
And sympathies unknown;
Yet so our yielding breasts enthral,

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His Genius shall possess us all,
His thoughts become our own,
And, strangely pleased, we start to find
Such hidden treasures in *our* mind.

Let Campbell's sweeter numbers flow
Through every change of joy and woe;
Hope's morning dreams display,
The Pennsylvanian cottage wild
The frenzy of O'Connor's child,
Or Linden's dreadful day;
And still in each new form appear
To every Muse and Grace more dear.

Transcendant masters of the lyre!
Not to your honors I aspire;
Humbler, yet higher, views
Have touch'd my spirit into flame;
The pomp of Fiction I disclaim;
Fair Truth! be thou my Muse—
Reveal in splendor deeds obscure,
Abase the proud, exalt the poor.

I sing the men who left their home,
Amidst barbarian hordes to roam,
Who land and ocean cross'd,
Led by a load-star, mark'd on high
By Faith's unseen, all-seeing eye,—
To seek and save the lost;

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Where'er the curse on Adam spread,
To call his offspring from the dead.

Strong in the great Redeemer's name,
They bore the cross, despised the shame,
And, like their Master here,
Wrestled with danger, pain, distress,
Hunger, and cold, and nakedness,
And every form of fear;
To feel his love their only joy,
To tell that love their sole employ.

O Thou, who wast in Bethlehem born,
The Man of sorrows and of scorn,
Jesus, the sinners' Friend!
—O Thou, enthroned in filial right,
Above all creature-power and might;
Whose kingdom shall extend,
Till earth, like heaven, thy name shall fill,
And men, like angels, do thy will:—

Thou, whom I love, but cannot see,
My Lord, my God! look down on me;
My low affections raise;
The spirit of liberty impart,
Enlarge my soul, inflame my heart,
And, while I spread thy praise,
Shine on my path, in mercy shine,
Prosper my work and make me thine.

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MEET AGAIN.*

JOYFUL words—we meet again!
Love's own language, comfort darting
Through the souls of friends at parting:
Life in death,—we meet again!

While we walk this vale of tears,
Compass'd round with care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and storm to-morrow,
"Meet again!" our bosom cheers.

Far in exile, when we roam,
O'er our lost endearments weeping,
Lonely, silent vigils keeping,
"Meet again!" transports us home.

When this weary world is past,
Happy they, whose spirits soaring,
Vast eternity exploring,
"Meet again!" in heaven at last.

* The seven following pieces were written for "Select Foreign Airs," published some time ago under the title of "*Polyhymnia*," which will account for the peculiar rhythm adopted in several of them. The four first were paraphrased from the German; the words of the remaining three are original.

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VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS

Night turns to day:—
When sullen darkness lowers,
And heaven and earth are hid from sight,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Ere long the opening flowers,
With dewy eyes, shall shine in light.

Storms die in calms:—
When over land and ocean
Roll the loud chariots of the wind,
Cheer up, cheer up!
The voice of wild commotion
Proclaims tranquillity behind.

Winter wakes Spring:—
When icy blasts are blowing
O'er frozen lakes, through naked trees,
Cheer up, cheer up!
All beautiful and glowing,
May floats in fragrance on the breeze.

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War ends in peace:—
Though dread artillery rattle,
And ghastly corses load the ground,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Where groan'd the field of battle,
The song, the dance, the feast go round.

Toil brings repose:—
With noontide fervors beating,
When droop thy temples o'er thy breast,
Cheer up, cheer up!
Grey twilight, cool and fleeting,
Wafts on its wing the hour of rest.

Death springs to life:—
Though brief and sad thy story,
Thy years all spent in care and gloom,
Look up, look up!
Eternity and glory
Dawn through the portals of the tomb.

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THE PILGRIM.

How blest the Pilgrim, who in trouble
Can lean upon a bosom friend;
Strength, courage, hope, with him redouble,
When foes assail, or griefs impend;
Care flees before his footsteps, straying,
At day-break, o'er the purple heath;
He plucks the wild flowers round him playing,
And binds their beauty in a wreath.

More dear to him the fields and mountains,
When with his friend abroad he roves,
Rests in the shade near sunny fountains,
Or talks by moonlight through the groves:
For him the vine expands its clusters,
Spring wakes for him her woodland quire
Yea when the storm of winter blusters,
'Tis summer round his evening fire.

In good old age serenely dying,
When all he loved forsakes his view,
Sweet is Affection's voice, replying
"I follow soon," to his "Adieu!"
Even then, though earthly ties are riven,
The spirit's union will not end;
—Happy the man, whom Heaven hath given,
In life and death, a faithful friend.

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GERMAN WAR-SONG.*

HEAVEN speed the righteous sword,
And freedom be the word!
Come, brethren! hand in hand,
Fight for your father-land.

Germania from afar
Invokes her sons to war;
Awake! put forth your powers,
And victory must be ours.

On to the combat, on!
Go where your sires have gone:
Their might unspent remains,
Their pulse is in our veins.

* The simple and sublime original of these stanzas, with the fine air by Himmel, became the national song of Germany, and was sung by the soldiers especially, during the latter campaigns of the war, when Buonaparte was twice dethroned, and Europe finally delivered from French predominance.

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On to the battle, on!
Rest will be sweet anon;
The slave may yield, may fly,
We conquer, or we die.

O Liberty! thy form
Shines through the battle-storm;
Away with fear, away!
Let justice win the day.

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REMINISCENCES.

WHERE are ye with whom in life I started,
Dear companions of my golden days?
Ye are dead, estranged from me, or parted,
—Flown, like morning clouds, a thousand ways.

Where art thou, in youth my friend and brother,
Yea, in soul my friend and brother still?
Heaven received thee, and on earth none other
Can the void in my lorn bosom fill.

Where is she, whose looks were love and gladness.
—Love and gladness I no longer see!
She is gone; and since that hour of sadness,
Nature seems her sepulchre to me.

Where am I?—life's current, faintly flowing,
Brings the welcome warning of release;
Struck with death, ah! whither am I going?
All is well—my spirit parts in peace.

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THE AGES OF MAN.

Youth, fond youth! to thee in life's gay morning,
New and wonderful are heaven and earth;
Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
Nature rings with melody and mirth;
Love invisible, beneath, above,
Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing
Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;
Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,
Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought;
Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.
Age, old age, in sickness, pain, and sorrow,
Creeps with lengthening shadow o'er the scene,
Life was yesterday, 'tis death to-morrow,
And to-day the agony between:
Then how longs the weary soul for thee,
Bright and beautiful eternity!

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ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH

HIGHER, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge—
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of supernal birth,
Let us make a heaven of earth.

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Close and closer then we knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fire-side comforts sit
In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide, who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, nearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union,
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labors end.

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A HERMITAGE.

Whose is this humble dwelling-place,
The flat turf-roof with flowers o'ergrown
Ah! here the tenant's name I trace,
Moss-cover'd, on the threshold stone.

Well, he has peace within and rest,
Though nought of all the world beside;
Yet, stranger! deem not him unblest,
Who knows not avarice, lust, or pride.

Nothing he asks, nothing he cares
For all that tempts or troubles round;
He craves no feast, no finery wears,
Nor once o'ersteps his narrow bound.

No need of light, though all be gloom,
To cheer his eye,—that eye is blind;
No need of fire in this small room,
He recks not tempest, rain, or wind.

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No gay companion here; no wife
To gladden home with true-love smiles;
No children,—from the woes of life,
To win him with their artless wiles.

Nor joy, nor sorrow, enter here,
Nor throbbing heart, nor aching limb;
No sun, no moon, no stars appear,
And man and brute are nought to him.

This dwelling is a hermit's cave,
With space alone for one poor bed;
This dwelling is a mortal's grave,
Its sole inhabitant is dead.

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THE FALLING LEAF.

Were I a trembling leaf,
On yonder stately tree,
After a season gay and brief,
Condemned to fade and flee;

I should be loth to fall
Beside the common way,
Weltering in mire, and spurn'd by all,
Till trodden down to clay.

Nor would I choose to die
All on a bed of grass,
Where thousands of my kindred lie,
And idly rot in mass.

Nor would I like to spread
My thin and wither'd face
In *hortus siccus*, pale and dead,
A mummy of my race.

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No,—on the wings of air
Might I be left to fly,
I know not and I heed not where,
A waif of earth and sky!

Or flung upon the stream,
Curl'd like a fairy-boat,
As through the changes of a dream,
To the world's end to float!

Who that hath ever been
Could bear to be no more?
Yet who would tread again the scene
He trod through life before?

On, with intense desire,
Man's spirit will move on;
It seems to die, yet, like Heaven's fire
It is not quench'd, but gone.

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ON PLANTING A TULIP-ROOT

HERE lies a bulb, the child of earth,
Buried alive beneath the clod.
Ere long to spring by second birth,
A new and nobler work of God.

'Tis said that microscopic power
Might through its swaddling-folds descry
The infant-image of the flower,
Too exquisite to meet the eye.

This, vernal suns and rains will swell,
Till from its dark abode it peep
Like Venus rising from her shell,
Amidst the spring-tide of the deep.

Two shapely leaves will first unfold
Then, on a smooth, elastic stem,
The verdant bud shall turn to gold,
And open in a diadem
(260)

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Not one of Flora's brilliant race
A form more perfect can display;
Art could not feign more simple grace,
Nor Nature take a line away.

Yet, rich as morn of many a hue,
When flushing clouds through darkness strike
The tulip's petals shine in dew,
All beautiful,—but none alike.

Kings, on their bridal, might unrobe
To lay their glories at its foot;
And queens their sceptre, crown, and globe,
Exchange for blossom, stalk, and root.

Here could I stand and moralize;
Lady, I leave that part to thee;
Be thy next birth in Paradise,
Thy life to come eternity.

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THE ADVENTURE OF A STAR.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

A STAR would be a flower;
So down from heaven it came,
And in a honeysuckle bower
Lit up its little flame.
There on a bank, beneath the shade,
By sprays, and leaves, and blossoms made,
It overlook'd the garden-ground,
—A landscape stretching ten yards round;
O what a change of place
From gazing through eternity of space

Gay plants on every side
Unclosed their lovely blooms,
And scatter'd far and wide
Their ravishing perfumes:
The butterfly, the bee,
And many an insect on the wing,
Full of the spirit of the spring,
Flew round and round in endless glee,

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Alighting here, ascending there,
Ranging and revelling every where.

Now all the flowers were up, and drest
In robes of rainbow-color'd light;
The pale primroses look'd their best,
Peonies blush'd with all their might;
Dutch tulips from their beds
Flaunted their stately heads;
Auriculas, like belles and beaux,
Glittering with birth-night splendor, rose;
And polyanthuses display'd
The brilliance of their gold brocade:
Here hyacinths of heavenly blue
Shook their rich tresses to the morn,
While rose-buds scarcely show'd their hue,
But coyly linger'd on the thorn,
Till their loved nightingale, who tarried long
Should wake them into beauty with his song.
The violets were past their prime,
Yet their departing breath
Was sweeter, in the blast of death,
Than all the lavish fragrance of the time.
Amidst this gorgeous train,
Our truant star shone forth in vain;
Though in a wreath of periwinkle,
Through whose fine gloom it strove to twinkle,
It seem'd no bigger to the view
Than the light-spangle in a drop of dew.

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—Astronomers may shake their polls,
And tell me,—every orb that rolls
Through heaven's sublime expanse
Is sun or world, whose speed and size
Confound the stretch of mortal eyes,
In Nature's mystic dance;
It may be so
For aught I know,
Or aught indeed that they can show;
Yet till they prove what they aver,
From this plain truth I will not stir,
—A star's a star!—but when I think
Of sun or world, the star I sink;
Wherefore in verse, at least in mine,
Stars, like themselves, in spite of fate, shall shine.

Now, to return (for we have wander'd far)
To what was nothing but a simple star;
—Where all was jollity around,
No fellowship the stranger found.
Those lowliest children of the earth,
That never leave their mother's lap,
Companions in their harmless mirth,
Were smiling, blushing, dancing there,
Feasting on dew, and light, and air,
And fearing no mishap,
Save from the hand of lady fair,
Who, on her wonted walk,
Pluck'd one and then another,
A sister or a brother,
From its elastic stalk;

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Happy, no doubt, for one sharp pang, to die
On her sweet bosom, withering in her eye.

Thus all day long that star's hard lot,
While bliss and beauty ran to waste,
Was but to witness on the spot
Beauty and bliss it could not taste.
At length the sun went down, and then
Its faded glory came again,
With brighter, bolder, purer light,
It kindled through the deepening night,
Till the green bower, so dim by day,
Glow'd like a fairy-palace with its beams;
In vain, for sleep on all the borders lay,
The flowers were laughing in the land of dreams.

Our star, in melancholy state,
Still sigh'd to find itself alone,
Neglected, cold, and desolate,
Unknowing and unknown.
Lifting at last an anxious eye,
It saw that circlet empty in the sky
Where it was wont to roll,
Within a hair-breadth of the pole:
In that same instant, sore amazed,
On the strange blank all Nature gazed;
Traveller's bewilder'd for their guide,
In glens and forests lost their way;
And ships, on ocean's trackless tide,
Went fearfully astray.

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The star, now wiser for its folly, knew
Its duty, dignity, and bliss at home;
So up to heaven again it flew,
Resolved no more to roam.
One hint the humble bard may send
To her for whom these lines are penn'd:
—O may it be enough for her
To shine in her own character!
O may she be content to grace,
On earth, in heaven, her proper place!

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A WORD WITH MYSELF.

Stanzas written for "The Chimney Sweeper's Friend," a work edited by the Author, and dedicated, by permission, to his most gracious Majesty George IV.

I KNOW they scorn the climbing boy,
The gay, the selfish, and the proud;
I know his villanous employ
Is mockery with the thoughtless crowd.

So be it; brand with every name
Of burning infamy his art;
But let his *country* bear the shame,
And feel the iron at her heart.

I cannot coldly pass him by,
Stript, wounded, left by thieves half dead;
Nor see an infant Lazarus lie
At rich men's gates imploring bread.

A frame as sensitive as mine,
Limbs moulded in a kindred form,
A soul degraded, yet divine,
Endear to me my brother-worm.

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He was my equal at his birth.
A naked, helpless, weeping child;
—And such are born to thrones on earth;
On such hath every mother smiled.

My equal he will be again,
Down in that cold oblivious gloom,
Where all the prostrate ranks of men
Crowd, without fellowship, the tomb.

My equal in the judgment-day,
He shall stand up before the throne,
When every veil is rent away,
And good and evil only known.

And is he not mine equal now?
Am I less fall'n from God and truth?
Though "*wretch*" be written on his brow.
And leprosy consume his youth.

If holy Nature yet have laws
Binding on man, of woman born,
In her own court I'll plead his cause,
Arrest the doom, or share the scorn.

Yes, let the scorn, that haunts his course,
Turn on me like a trodden snake,
And hiss, and sting me with remorse.
If I the fatherless forsake!

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LOVEST THOU ME?

"LOVEST thou me?" I hear my Savior say:
Oh! that my heart had power to answer "Yea,
Thou knowest all things, Lord, in heaven above,
And earth beneath: Thou knowest that I love!"
But 'tis not so; in word, in deed, in thought,
I do not, cannot love thee as I ought.
Thy love must give that power, *thy* love alone;
There's nothing worthy of thee but thine own.
Lord, with the love wherewith thou lovest *me*,
Shed in my heart abroad, would I love *thee*.

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THOUGHTS AND IMAGES.

Come like shadows, so depart.—*Macbeth.*

THE diamond, in its native bed,
Hid like a buried star may lie,
Where foot of man must never tread,
Seen only by its Maker's eye:
And though imbued with beams to grace
His fairest work in woman's face,
Darkling, its fire may fill the void,
Where fix'd at first in solid night;
Nor, till the world shall be destroy'd,
Sparkle one moment into light.

The plant, up-springing from the seed,
Expands into a perfect flower;
The virgin-daughter of the mead,
Woo'd by the sun, the wind, the shower.

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In loveliness beyond compare,
It toils not, spins not, knows no care,
Train'd by the secret hand, that brings
All beauty out of waste and rude,
It blooms its season, dies, and flings
Its germs abroad in solitude.

Almighty skill, in ocean's caves,
Lends the light Nautilus a form
To tilt along the Atlantic waves,
Fearless of rock, or shoal, or storm;
But, should a breath of danger sound,
With sails quick-furl'd it dives profound,
And far beneath the tempest's path,
In coral grots, defies the foe,
That never brake, in heaviest wrath,
The sabbath of the deep below.

Up from his dream, on twinkling wings,
The Sky-lark soars amid the dawn;
Yet, while in Paradise he sings,
Looks down upon the quiet lawn,
Where flutters, in his little nest,
More love than music e'er express'd:
Then, though the nightingale may thrill
The soul with keener ecstacy,
The merry bird of morn can fill
All Nature's bosom with his glee.

The Elephant, embower'd in woods,
Coeval with their trees might seem,

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As though he drank from Indian floods
Life in a renovating stream;
Ages o'er him have come and fled,
'Midst generations of the dead,
His bulk survives, to feed and range,
Where ranged and fed of old his sires:
Nor knows advancement, lapse, or change,
Beyond their walks, till he expires.

Gem, flower, and fish, the bird, the brute,
Of every kind occult or known,
(Each exquisitely form'd to suit
Its humble lot, and that alone),
Through ocean, earth, and air, fulfil,
Unconsciously, their Maker's will,
Who gave, without their toil or thought,
Strength, beauty, instinct, courage, speed;
While through the whole his pleasure wrought
Whate'er his wisdom had decreed.

But Man, the masterpiece of God,
Man, in his Maker's image fram'd,—
Though kindred to the valley's clod,
Lord of this low creation named,—
In naked helplessness appears,
Child of a thousand griefs and fears:
To labor, pain, and trouble born,
Weapon, nor wing, nor sleight hath he;
Yet, like the sun, he brings his morn,
And is a king from infancy.

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For him no destiny hath bound
To do what others did before,
Pace the same dull perennial round,
And be a man, and be no more:
A man?—a self-will'd piece of earth,
Just as the lion is, by birth;
To hunt his prey, to wake, to sleep,
His father's joys and sorrows share,
His niche in Nature's temple keep,
And leave his likeness in his heir!—

No: infinite the shades between
The motley millions of our race,
No two the changing moon hath seen
Alike in purpose, or in face;
Yet all aspire beyond their fate;
The last, the meanest would be great;
The mighty future fills the mind,
That pants for more than earth can give;
Man, to this narrow sphere confined,
Dies when he but begins to live.

Oh! if there be no world on high
To yield his powers unfetter'd scope;
If man be only born to die,
Whence this inheritance of his?
Wherefore to him alone were lent
Riches that never can be spent?
Enough, not more, to all the rest,
For life and happiness, was given;

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To man, mysteriously unblest,
Too much for any state but heaven.

It is not thus:—it cannot be,
That one so gloriously endow'd
With views that reach eternity,
Should shine and vanish like a cloud:
Is there a God?—all Nature shows
There *is*,—and yet no *mortal* knows:
The mind that could this truth conceive
Which brute sensation never taught,
No longer to the dust would cleave,
But grow immortal with the thought.

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A SIMILE ON A LADY'S PORTRAIT.

A FOUNTAIN, issuing into light
Before a marble palace, threw
To heaven its column, pure and bright,
Returning thence in showers of dew;
But soon an humbler course it took,
And glid away—a nameless brook.

Flowers on its grassy margin sprung,
Flies o'er its eddying surface play'd,
Birds 'midst the waving branches sung,
Flocks through the verdant meadows stray'd.
The weary there lay down to rest,
And there the halcyon built her nest.

'Twas beautiful—to stand and watch
The fountain's crystal turn to gems,
And such resplendent colors catch,
As though 'twere raining diadems;
Yet all was cold and curious art,
That charm'd the eye, but miss'd the heart.

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Dearer to me the little stream
Whose unimprison'd waters run,
Wild as the changes of a dream,
By rock and glen, through shade and sun;
Its lovely links have power to bind
And whirl away my willing mind.

So thought I, when I saw the face,
By happy portraiture reveal'd,
Of one, adorn'd with every grace;
Her name and date from me conceal'd,
But not her story:—she had been
The pride of many a splendid scene.

She cast her glory round a court,
And frolick'd in the gayest ring,
Where Fashion's high-born minions sport
Like gilded insects on the wing;
But thence, when love had touch'd her soul
To nature and to truth she stole.

From din, and pageantry, and strife,
'Midst woods and mountains, vales and plains,
She treads the paths of purer life,
And in affection's bosom reigns:
No fountain scattering diamond-showers,
But the sweet streamlet, edged with flowers.

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FOR THE FIRST LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

Flower after flower comes forth in spring,
Bird after bird begins to sing;
Till copse and field in richest bloom,
Sparkle with dew, and breathe perfume,—
While hill and valley, all day long,
And half the night, resound with song.
So may acquaintance, one by one,
Come like spring-flowers to meet the sun,
And o'er these pages, pure and white,
Kind words, kind thoughts, kind prayers indite,
Which sweeter odor shall dispense
Than vernal blossoms to the sense;
Till woods and streams less fair appear
Than autographs and sketches here:
—Or, like the minstrels of the grove,
Pour strains of harmony and love,
The music made by heart to heart,
In which the least can bear a part,

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More exquisite than all the notes
Of nightingales' and thrushes' throats.
Thus shall this book, from end to end,
Show in succession friend on friend,
By their own living hands portray'd,
In prose and verse, in light and shade,
By pen and pencil,—till *her* eye,
Who owns the volume, shall descry
On many a leaf some lovely trace,
Reminding of a lovelier face;
With here and there the humbler line,
Recalling such a phiz as mine.

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THE FIRST LEAF OF AN ALBUM.

Ut pictura, poesis.—*Hor. de Art. Poet.*

Two lovely sisters here unite
To blend improvement with delight;
Painting and poetry engage
By turns to deck the Album's page.

Here may each glowing picture be
The quintessence of Poesy,
With skill so exquisitely wrought,
As if the colors were pure thought,—
Thought from the bosom's inmost cell,
By magic tints made visible,
That, while the eye admires, the mind
Itself, as in a glass, may find.

And may the poet's verse, alike,
With all the power of Painting strike,

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So freely, so divinely trace,
In every line, the line of grace;
And beautify, with such sweet art,
The image-chamber of the heart,
That Fancy here may gaze her fill,
Forming fresh scenes and shapes at will,
Where silent words alone appear,
Or, borrowing voice, but touch the ear.

Yet humble prose with these shall stand;
Friends, kindred, comrades, hand in hand,
All in this fair inclosure meet,
The lady of the book to greet,
And, with the pen or pencil, make
These leaves love-tokens, for her sake.

Sheffield, 1828.

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THE BIBLE.

What is the world?—A wildering maze,
Where Sin hath track'd ten thousand ways,
Her victims to ensnare;
All broad, and winding, and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng those roads,
Bearing their baubles, or their loads,
Down to eternal night:
—*One* humble path, that never bends,
Narrow, and rough, and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there a Guide to show that path?
The Bible:—He alone, who hath
The Bible, need not stray:
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly Guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

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SONNET.

Imitated from the Italian of Gaetana Passerini.

If in the field I meet a smiling flower,
Methinks it whispers, "God created me,
And I to Him devote my little hour,
In lonely sweetness and humility."
If, where the forest's darkest shadows lower
A serpent quick and venomous I see,
It seems to say,—"I, too, extol the power
Of Him, who caused me, at his will, to be."

The fountain purling, and the river strong,
The rocks, the trees, the mountains, raise one song;
"Glory to God!" re-echoes in mine ear:—
Faithless were I, in wilful error blind,
Did I not him in all his creatures find,
His voice through heaven, and earth, and ocean hear.

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HUMAN LIFE.

Job, chap. xiv.

How few and evil are thy days,
Man, of a woman born!
Trouble and peril haunt thy ways:
—Forth like a flower at morn,
The tender infant springs to light,
Youth blossoms with the breeze,
Age, withering age, is cropt ere night;
—Man like a shadow flees.

And dost Thou look on such a one?
Will God to judgment call
A worm, for what a worm hath done
Against the Lord of all?
As fail the waters from the deep,
As summer brooks run dry,
Man lieth down in dreamless sleep;
—Our life is vanity.

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Man lieth down, no more to wake,
Till yonder arching sphere
Shall with a roll of thunder break,
And nature disappear.
—Oh! hide me, till thy wrath be past
Thou, who canst kill or save;
Hide me, where hope may anchor fast
In my Redeemer's grave.

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